THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 6, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1866.

Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2361. Single Number 5 Cents.

DISILLUSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

The sun shone down, the fields were green,
I found a path to wander through
Whose grass and flowers still bore the dew,
And sudden turnings unforeseen
Led me glad wanderer between
New trees, new banks, where violets grew
So sweet with the sole life they knew.

Only two hands to hold the flowers!
"O wait, my violets," I said,
"This fair path leads so far ahead,
And you would fade in all those hours;
Wait here where rushes make green bowers,
In the cool shadow be your bed
Until you hear my homeward tread."

So my flowers waited, and I went
Along the path, beneath the trees
Whose great boughs were like mysteries
Though which small gleams of Heaven were sent—
The birds sang loud in full content—
On and still on with soul at ease,
I wandered as the path might please.

It led by little singing brooks,
Where mosses clung, green, damp and lush,
And tall white lilies seemed to hush
Your praise like vestals with pure looks;—
It led through hidden valley nooks,
Where let no heedless footsteps rush,
Lest they its wealth of sweet flowers crush.

It led me glades of laurel through,
It took me up a hillside steep,
O'er rocks the chamois loved to leap,
Heights where rare rhododendrons grew,
Great rosy glories, which pursue
My memory yet, and blushing creep
Into dream-gardens of my sleep.

And yet I did not break one bough,
But let the path me onward take,
It led me by a blue, still lake,
O'erhung by cliff and mountain brow,
Where lotos blooms lay, wondering how
The clouds such changeful groups could make,
And if the sun shone for their sake.

Of all the flowers I gathered none,
For, not inconstant, well I knew
How sweet my chosen violets grew
In the still shade beside the stone,
Awaiting me, my wanderings done,
All among slender reeds which threw
Lithe arms about my blossoms blue.

Only two hands for all the flowers,
And those my violets would fill,
So I turned homeward o'er the hill,
And passed the rhododendron bowers,
And the white lilies, and the towers
Of forest trees, nor paused until
I reached those violets waiting still.

Small, small blue violets! small and low!
Mere common violets by a stone;
What glamor had my fancy thrown
O'er these pale flowers, thus to forego
Some rare, far glories that I know!
Now I am weary, day is done,
And I can gather these alone.

They seemed not small but wondrous sweet,
My morn's first blossoms bright with dew,
Smiling up at me where they grew
When first I checked my footsteps fleet,
Ere woods and hills I went to meet,
But now returned, to first love true,
My violets seem so small and few.

Ah, well! Day's done, I gather up
The sweetness left me as I come
Weary with wandering to my home;
These violets blue will fill a cup
To grace the table where I sup,
I'll love and keep them, and be dumb,
Though of earth's glory I've missed some.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER I.

MISS URSULA.

Miss Ursula Bankes woke up one morning and found herself rich. Literally—for just before her opening eyes, on the coverlet of the bed, lay a letter sealed and edged with black, and that letter informed her that she had become mistress of £5,000 a year.

She sat up, and took the letter in her hands, turning it about to look at the postmarks, and indulging in those speculations as to the strange handwriting with which we are all wont to hug the pleasing excitement of some anticipated "event."

Miss Ursula's correspondence was by no means extensive, and a letter in an unknown handwriting called for a considerable amount of wonder and surprise, which she bestowed on it, as we have seen, after which Miss Ursula possessed herself of the good news. Very astonishing news it was, indeed, and so unexpected, so totally undreamt of in any of Miss Ursula's most wildly unchecked visions of future good, that it is no wonder it took her some moments even to comprehend it. The process of dressing herself was a long one that morning, for, as each phase and consequence of her new position came to her one by one, she was compelled to sit down and survey it.

"That he should have thought of me!" she exclaimed, pausing in the act of drawing the comb through her soft, white curls—"me whom he has scarcely ever heard of—whom he has never even seen! It is so very, very strange!"

"My dear girls, my dear Olive and Clara," was the next resting point. "I can give them a home now. I can save their young lives from future drudgery. How surprised they will be! How glad to have done with that weary teaching!" And a devout "God be praised!" sighed up from some innermost depth, sealed more than the uttered words revealed.

"Bridget shall have that new gown of which I was obliged to clip her for Clara's winter cloak. She was not disappointed, because I never promised it her, but it was rather a trial to me not to be able to give her a comfortable Christmas present, and she deserved it too."

Then Miss Ursula got out her best black silk dress, and put it on. It was not consistent with her new prosperity to don the shabby black merino which was her usual every day wear. At the last hook her hands began to tremble, and she dropped into the nearest chair with the pitiful cry—

"Too late! oh, too late!"

I wonder how many of us, at the age of Miss Ursula, can lift the cup of success to our lips, and find it undashed by that bitter drop of regret, "Too late?" Too late for the warm hearts now cold and stilled in the grave, which would once have answered ours in throbs of delight; too late for the darling hopes which wanted only this for their fulfillment, and which, withered, despairing of fruition, for lack of this—this, which under the weight of that cruel "too late," seems to have lost all its value.

It had been for many years the custom of Miss Ursula's faithful maid, Bridget, to deposit the letters from the morning post, when there happened to be any—and we have already said that Miss Ursula's correspondence was not extensive—upon her mistress's bed, just where she could see them on first awakening; and somehow it had happened that all the great experiences of Miss Ursula's life had come to her in this way, so that in spite of their rare recurrence, there was always with her a certain vague expectant feeling directing the first awakening glance to the spot where a letter might lie. "What has the new postal day brought forth?" was always the first thought.

Twelve years before it had brought forth a letter, sealed and edged with black, like this one, announcing the terrible news of the death of a certain lieutenant in the army who had been serving in India, patiently toiling, step by step, up the long list of subalterns towards the goal which was to crown his dearest hopes—his company—struck suddenly down by the fierce sun of that fiery land, just as he had achieved the long-looked-for result. Poor Miss Ursula did not rise from her bed that morning; she did not rise for many mornings after; she lay with her face to the wall, trying with a pitiful effort at submission to take up her life again, her dark life with the only ray of sunshine quenched out of it. It was remarked after that that poor Miss Ursula gave up the struggle against the ravages of time; that she let the silver threads gain on the brown locks she had been used to be so careful of; that she wore her black dress of the simplest pattern, and abandoned all the little contrivances and adornments by which she had hitherto eked out her juvenility. Miss Ursula thenceforth accepted her five-and-thirty years, and by degrees even rejoiced in them as so many off the sum of a dreary, solitary life. She little guessed how much that life had yet for her to do.

Well, time went on, and one morning, about six years later, Miss Ursula opened her eyes upon another letter, a letter which caused her pulses to bound and her heart to beat, as she had never thought to feel them again after the dead calm into which, from the shock of that great sorrow, her being seemed to have sunk. We shall need to go back a good way into Miss Ursula's history to make this letter intelligible.

She was the daughter of an officer who, dying young, had left a widow and two little children to make the best they could out of a hard world and a small income. They had only the pension of a lieutenant's widow and the interest of £3,000, the widow's dowry, and with this they went away to a quiet country village.

Ursula was the younger of the two children. Godfrey, a bright, impetuous, wilful boy, was the elder. Ursula was the mother's dear comfort and blessing—gentle, patient, and self-denying; it was not difficult to her to "bear the yoke in her youth"—the yoke of poverty, of repressed desires, of unsatisfied youthful ambitions.

But Godfrey was the widow's pride—Godfrey, whose present impatience at his narrow circumstances added tenfold to her cares and troubles, whose boyish ardor and sanguine words carried her away into a dreamland of comfort and splendor, honor and glory, hereafter to be achieved for them all by her noble and beautiful boy. She stinted and denied herself that his education might be, as he proudly said, "the education of a gentleman." And he, for his part, walked bravely backwards and forwards, in all sorts of weather, the long four miles between his home and the large endowed grammar-school in the neighboring town, at which his mother's scanty means sufficed to make him a daily pupil only. I am afraid there was far more of selfishness than of filial affection in the boy's determination to conquer a hard world, and revenge himself for all the slights of fortune he felt so bitterly by winning himself a place and a name in it. The courage which carried him along the steep path leading to the goal he strove for was not fed by the sight of his mother's self-sacrificing devotion, or his sister's patient courage. He chafed and fretted over their unfashionable attire, over their scanty table, not because of *their* discomfort, but because these things, in his view, humiliated and disgraced *him*.

He grew up to be a fine, gentlemanly, clever lad, and then his mother did for him what she could never have done for herself—she wrote to an uncle of her husband's, a wealthy man, who had hitherto ignored her existence, and asked for the benefit of his position and influence in launching her son into the world. She wrote of Godfrey with a pride which was manifest in every line of her letter; and this is what the rich man answered:—

"I am quite inclined to do something for you, because you have behaved very well. You have asked me for nothing, and have kept out of my way. I set my face against your husband's marriage; I told him it was just madness on such a beggarly income as his; and *I* had already enough of poor relations eating me up, without his bringing a fresh importation of them upon me. However, he chose to disregard my advice and my wishes and I washed my hands of him. But you, madam, have agreeably disappointed me; you have shown a very proper spirit, and have never looked to your relations for your support. I inclose a ten-pound note; get the lad a decent suit of clothes, and send him up to me; I want to look at him. Of course it would be absurd to depend upon your account of your own boy. If I find him a country lout of a fellow, I shall send him back to you; but if he has had a decent training and looks like a gentleman, and is likely to do one credit, I can get him a berth in India, and ship him off to it at once. He can make his fortune in ten years if he likes; and, mind, this is all I mean to do for you."

"'India!' for 'ten years!'" The widow's cheeks blanched as she read. Her boy! her only one! She heartily wished she had made no application to Sir Walter. It was too late now. Godfrey, who had read over her shoulder, stood before her with kindling eyes and flushed cheeks. She glanced at him, and she knew that she must lose him—for ever in this world, her heart whispered—for she knew how these years of privation and anxiety had told upon her.

And Godfrey went, and the mother and daughter were left alone, to live on the expectation of his letters, and to pray every day for the speedy good fortune which should re-unite them all.

Ursula was at that time a demure little maiden of fourteen, very grave and sensible for her years (Godfrey was four years older). She grew up a tall, straight bonnie lassie, with candid blue eyes, and a fair honest face, and pretty wavy brown hair; and when she was eighteen, the romance of her young life began. There was a schoolfellow of her brother's, one Edgar Courtenay, the only one whom, in consequence of a boyish confidence on the subject of his own poverty, Godfrey had introduced to the secrets of his penurious home. Edgar straightway fell in love with Ursula, and gratified his boyish devotion by timid gifts of a young linnet, just learning to sing; of geranium cuttings, bought for sixpence of the old gardener at the school; and last, but by no means least, of an elegant workbox made of shells and pasteboard, and lined with rose-colored persian—the great result of a month's pocket-money diligently saved. Ursula accepted these gifts with very innocent pleasure; she liked Edgar very much indeed; after Godfrey, better than anybody she knew. But then her circle of acquaintance was a very limited one. She had never read novels or silly love stories, in which respect Edgar had the advantage of her; so that she was entirely unconscious of any romantic meaning lurking beneath the shell-covered lid of that workbox. And there was something so confusing in her simplicity, that the tall youth, three years her senior, actually left school two months after Godfrey's departure for India without enlightening her. But he carried away with him a firm determination to return as soon as he should have achieved the great freedom and manhood of twenty-one years, and marry the sweet little maid who had won his boyish heart.

He *did* return, to lay his ensigncy in her Majesty's — Foot, at Ursula's feet. But as that same ensigncy unfortunately represented the sum total of the ardent young man's worldly goods, Mrs. Bankes prudently interfered, declining to trust her daughter's comfort to such a very insufficient income.

"I will give her to you when you shall have secured your company," she said.

"My company!" he exclaimed, aghast: "why, it will be ten years at least. I must wait for all my steps; I have no money to buy."

"Better wait," replied the widow, "than suffer such a struggle as ours has been. My husband's injunction on his death-bed was, 'Alice, don't let our girl do as we did;' and I have suffered too much since to disregard it."

Of course the young soldier rebelled against this decree; he rebelled periodically at each leave of absence, and he rebelled with a very great rebellion when his regiment was ordered out to India. But the widow was firm. Perhaps the great pain she suffered on Godfrey's account made her firmer. She regarded it as one of the consequences of an imprudent marriage. "If we had been richer," she would say to Ursula, "he might have stayed at home, and we should not have lost him as we have done. If we had been richer, his childhood and youth would have been happier, and everything would have been better. I am afraid it has hardened him; and you might have sons and daughters, and lose them all too."

But Ursula was firm on her own account; she could not leave her mother; and for her mother the voyage to India was out of the question, her health was so delicate. So with many bitter tears, she let her lover depart.

We have seen what the end of that was: an end which seemed hard for so much patience and so much devotion; but life is not marked out exactly after our pattern. We may be content to leave it to a better tracery. In time the widow died: perhaps her mind grew weaker towards the last. It is certain that she held with almost monomaniac tenacity to her old decree.

"You will be alone, Ursula," she said, with almost her last breath. "Well, better alone than struggling with poverty; Godfrey may help you; I hardly know—he *may*—but remember your father's injunction, remember mine—Edgar must wait for his company.

And Ursula said, faintly, "Yes, mother," and held that feeble acquiescee, wrung from her pity and her love, as sacred as a marriage-vow.

But what had become of Godfrey? At first his letters were long and regular; twice, nay thrice, he sent money—a hundred rupees saved out of his salary—and the widow wept with joy, and went back to the old dreams which the pain of parting with her son had chased away.

But by degrees the letters became less frequent and shorter, and no more money came. His "expenses had increased so much," he explained, and he was "obliged to live like a gentleman;" by-and-by he "hoped to have it in his power to do more;" but "at present everything was swallowed up in living and in the requirements of his position." And a little later, he "was glad to hear of Ursula's engagement to Edgar; she would be provided for soon, and off his mother's hands, and they would all be very comfortable. When the wedding was likely to take place, he would send Ursula the money for her wedding-dress; but of course it would not be quite yet, as they were both so young." And then, as time went on, he remonstrated warmly against the delay. "Let them marry and make the best of it," (we must say we think he was right there;) "they would, doubtless, do as well as other people. Unfortunately, it was quite out of his power to do anything for his mother—they had no idea of the great expense of living in India, and he should be very glad to hear of her being relieved from the burden of his sister's support.

The widow sighed and tried not to doubt her son; it was surely as he had said; he had his struggles, and they must not by any means be a clog upon his progress. But she could not entirely satisfy herself—doubts *would* creep in.

At last there came a great blow. Godfrey was married; he had been married some time, and was the father of a child—a daughter. His wife was a native of Cashmere. "A Christian, though," he wrote, "as simple as a child, and as beautiful as a Houri." He had been "very imprudent to marry," but he supposed "it was his fate;" he "would have to be doubly careful now," &c., &c.

This was the blow which, finally, killed his mother. She knew now that she had lost her son. She did not say to herself that he had disappointed her; that he was not the true, brave spirit she had dreamt of; that he was only a poor, selfish mortal, to whom poverty, privation, and the sacrifices, through long years, of herself and Ursula, had taught only selfishness and ingratitude; but she *knew* it, and it took away the last hope and trust of her life.

So she died, and Ursula lived on in the little cottage. The mother had left her all her property—the £3,000 which had been her dowry.

"Godfrey can take care of himself," she said. "This will support you until Edgar gets his company."

Godfrey was not pleased when he heard it, but he was ashamed to do more than hint at his displeasure. His wife had died, after a long and expensive illness; he was "very much in arrears, and wanted money sadly; why did not Ursula marry Edgar? he could not understand her scruples," and so on.

Ursula's eyes had been opened towards Godfrey a good while, but she could not help a fresh pang of disappointment on laying down this letter, in answer to hers announcing their mother's death. She had felt very lonely since then, and sometimes she had thought that Godfrey's heart would be opened now, that he would pity her loneliness, and ask her to go to him. It would be something to learn to love his young wife and his dear little child. Life would be endurable with such a society and such sweet home ties—and sometimes, perhaps, she might see Edgar—Edgar, from whom she had been parted such weary years. But it was not to be.

One more letter she got from Godfrey—two years later. He had married again—an English wife this time, the widow of an officer, and he had another little daughter. And then there was a long silence of years, broken at last by the letter which it has taken us all this time to explain.

The letter was from Godfrey; he "was in England again, shattered in health and fortune" (be it observed this was the first mention of such fortune), "a widower for the second time." He had been "very unfortunate"—Godfrey was always unfortunate!—"and friends, who were plentiful enough in his prosperity, stood aloof now. He longed to find himself once more under the old roof: would his sister receive him? His girls were at school in London, where they had been for three years. The remnants of his fortune would suffice to keep them there, and to supply his few remaining wants."

Another pang for poor Ursula! Had her nieces, then, been within her reach for so long, and she never permitted to know them—she who would have welcomed them so gladly, who would have loved them so dearly? She understood it all—it was part of the old selfish, false pride. Godfrey was a rich man then; he had his fine friends to whom he recommended his children, while the obscure aunt was ignored in the fashionable school and amongst the fashionable acquaintances. But she was good and true-hearted, and she soon forgot her own grievance in the thought of Godfrey—her own, only brother, the handsome, bright boy whom she and her mother had so loved and so indulged, now sick and sorrowful, and willing to return to her. She would have gone to him at once, but Southampton, from which he wrote, was a long way off, and her slender purse could not bear the expenses of such a long journey. But she wrote him a letter full of loving welcomes and urgent invitations to come at once to her in the old home. And this despatched, she busied herself in preparations for the greatest event of her solitary, monotonous life. Her little home had improved of late years; she had saved from her small income enough to gratify an innately refined taste, and by degrees she had adorned her walls with good prints, and filled a set of bookshelves with choice volumes. A precious legacy, too, had come to her from her lover—a box of Indian ornaments and treasures, collected from time to time, as gifts which might please her fancy, and embellish their mutual home. She liked to have them now always in her sight, and they added a certain quaint, luxurious charm to the simple cottage furniture and homely walls. A wealth of beautiful flowers filled the garden, and covered the outside walls. Ursula was a diligent gardener; her flowers were to her like lovely children; she lavished upon them a share of that care and tenderness which were denied the outlet of maternal indulgence.

Altogether, the little cottage had changed wonderfully for the better since the days when a hard, pinching, poverty had curtailed every attempt at grace or adornment—since Godfrey, barely suppressing his disgust at the meanness of his home surroundings in his mother's presence, had confided to his sister, with a half-curse, and a deep red flush of angry mortification, his dissatisfaction that they "never had things like other people," adding that he meant "to live like a gentleman some day."

Ursula thought of this as she hung her fresh muslin curtains, and arranged her sweetest flowers, and gave all sorts of finishing touches to her little handmaid's rougher work of preparation. She thought the little room looked very pretty, and she hoped Godfrey would think so too, and that he would not feel the change from the luxury at which he had hinted quite so painfully as perhaps he expected to do. She was glad he had just come off a sea-voyage. Edgar had once described to her all the discomforts of ship-life; her room would be a pleasant change from Godfrey's cabin, at least.

Edgar! These were just the preparations she had so often pictured and planned for *his* return. Oh! if it could have been! And letting fall the moss-roses she held in her hand, she sank into her mother's chair, trembling and tearful. She was forty-one, but she was not past the age of tender memories; old hopes and old feelings came surging back through the worn channel of endurance, and life, for a brief space, was as hard again as it had been that fatal morning six years ago.

But she was not used to much self-indulgence, and by the time the wheels of Godfrey's fly were heard she was ready to receive him without any other agitation than the joyful one of meeting the only living relation she possessed.

Godfrey was very much altered. It was difficult to trace anything of the handsome, spirited youth in the sallow, elderly man, with stooping gait and depressed air, who alighted at the gate. Still less was there of the old dissatisfaction and impatience in the sigh of comfort with which he settled himself in the easy-chair Ursula had drawn forward for him, and the glance of admiration round the room, ending with—

"You have made it all so pretty, Ursula. There is no place like home after all."

He was certainly very much changed. Ursula had pleasing evidence of the fact in the long confidential talk they had together that evening.

"I have come back to you to die, Ursie," he said; "and it is about the best thing I can do. I began to see that I have made a great mistake

of life. I began from the wrong end, and the skein is hopelessly tangled now. I might have been a good son; I might have been a good brother; never man had better chances; but I wasted them all. Life was planned out for me; but I tried a way of my own, and lost myself. Ah, Ursie! we are great fools some of us, but you are not one, my dear. This is how it has all ended—all my pretensions, all my self-confidence, all my assurance—that I am compelled to write myself a fool at the feet of a woman!"

It was very sad to her to hear him say this—sad, because she could not help feeling it was all only too true. She could only lavish upon him her sisterly love and forgiveness. She could only condole with him on the past, and encourage him in the future. Poor soul! she had been the greatest sufferer after all.

"It's all over, Ursie," he would repeat; "it's all over. I leave the girls to you; they are good girls. Make them like yourself, if you can. It is well that I have something to give you in return for all you have lost through me. I bequeath you their youth, their freshness, their young hope. I make over to you their filial love and duty—all my own interest in them. For the rest, Ursie, they must even work—my daughters," he said it bitterly, "whom I meant to make princesses! They must work for their daily bread. I leave them just enough to complete their education. It is costly enough; it must be their stock-in-trade afterwards. And now I have done with life—a mistake—all a mistake!"

CHAPTER II.

OLIVE VERSUS CLARIS.

So Godfrey died; and from the gray clouds of that remorseful death-bed, Miss Ursula looked out upon a silver dawn, which brightened into lovely morning. She was no longer alone in the world—not though the grave was closing upon the last of her home generation; sweet, new ties had sprung up, an ineffable lightening had crept into her life. A little while ago that life seemed to be all lived out. She had set her face towards the end; her heart had taken the veil, like a cloistered nun, only that the world—the world of youth and love and hope—had resigned her, not she it. What a change had come! There was youth again in the place of her vanished youth; there was love again where once was only the grave of her dead love; there was life again for death.

The first meeting with her nieces had not been reserved for the day of sorrow. Godfrey, before the last weakness came on, had called his children to him, and Miss Ursula had another day of joyful preparation. There had already been some correspondence between her and her adopted children. "Such pretty little letters," she called them; and her warm, loving heart went out towards the young, motherless things, and she was very grateful on her bended knees, night and morning, for the bright sunshine which they had brought into her long-clouded life.

She walked into Coptown to meet them at the railway station. She had trimmed her new black silk dress, Godfrey's gift (you see how changed he was), with some of her mother's handsome old-fashioned lace, and she stopped at the milliner's to exchange her old bonnet for a new one with white trimmings and bouquets of lilac flowers. For she said, "I must not frighten them; they are young, and ought to have nothing but brightness and cheerfulness about them."

Two young faces, as the train drew up, looked eagerly out of the window of a first-class compartment. Miss Ursula's heart beat fast as she stopped before them. Two pairs of eyes looked at her, over her, beyond her, scanning the busy platform with expectant anxiety, and only rested on her with bewildered surprise when she told her name. Then there was a hurrying bustle of claiming luggage, elbowing inert obstructions of waiting passengers—Coptown was a junction—disposing of such small parcels as inevitably supplement a school-girl's trunks, and then Miss Ursula, seated in the fly, with her face turned homewards, had leisure to study her companions.

Tall, fine, fair, with well-opened blue eyes and a soft English complexion, with a beautiful abundance of hair, of the harmonious tint of garnered wheat, with an *effet* about her which is expressed by that objectionable word "style," and which, somehow, is *not* expressed by any other word in our vocabulary—handsome, self-possessed, self-conscious—this was Claris; and, as usual, Claris, the younger, was the first to be remarked. She met her aunt's look with a smile which was very charming.

"I can't think how you knew us, Aunt Ursula," she said, settling herself with an elaborate fussiness, which seemed, somehow, to take possession of the vehicle.

"Magnetic attraction," smiled Miss Ursula. "I was looking for you, my dear. And by the same rule," she added, with ever so slight an inflection of reproach, "*you* ought to have known *me*." Her tenderness had been wounded—unreasonably, she knew, but still wounded—by the momentary chill of that unresponsive meeting.

Claris perceived as much. "Oh, but, Aunt Ursula," she said, beaming and dimpling upon her, in the exercise of an often successful fascination, "we expected to see a very different person."

The words were equivocal; the look and the emphasis were intended to suggest a flattering interpretation.

"How different?" asked Miss Ursula simply, her humility ignoring the implication.

Claris's diplomacy was young; it broke down under this directness.

"We did not expect to find you so—so *old*. Papa always said you were quite young," uttered a sweet, firm voice, which hesitated a little.

Miss Ursula recognized the ring of the true metal, and turned quickly towards the speaker—a small brown creature, nestling in the corner of the carriage, accustomed to be eclipsed, perhaps desiring it—this was Olive. In spite of her two years' seniority, she looked a mere child by the side of Claris. A pair of deep, earnest eyes looked out of a complexion of pale olive, destitute of the brilliancy which redeems that tint; her dark hair was braided closely round her face, and one thick plait crowned her forehead. The little hand which lay ungloved upon her lap was as tiny as a child's, and wonderfully white, considering the browness of her face. She was a person to be passed over entirely at the first view, especially by the side of Claris. Unless, indeed, attention were arrested by those wonderful eyes; and then the observer might go on to detect certain subtile changes of expression, a rapid play of thought and feeling, which made the little pale-brown face so interesting, that Claris's broad white expanse of feature seemed tame and vapid by comparison. But there were very few who looked so far. The world judges as generally by the samples we voluntarily offer for its inspection, and troubles itself very little to dive beneath the surface for what we withhold. The little world in which these two girls had lived, that of Miss Forlonge's fashionable school (no mean epitome, by the way, of the larger world outside), took the current coin of handsome Claris's popular manners, and frank, open good-nature, and credited her with all the virtues, because she knew how to make herself agreeable; whilst little silent Olive, with a heart burning for true love and sympathy, was left alone and unappreciated, because she was too earnest to be demonstrative, and too noble to court popularity by school-girl flattery or little, self-seeking wiles.

Often she was very indignant as she sat, apparently absorbed in a book, watching the crowd gathered about Claris, paying homage to her beauty and her school-girl wit, worshipping the idol of the hour, like any other set of worldlings. She loved Claris, she was not jealous, but she did not believe in her. She would have rejoiced in any success Claris had honestly earned, but she was indignant at such success as this; she knew that Claris did not really care for one of the infatuated girls she smiled so sweetly on; that she would go away, and forget them next day even; and she was angry in her young, true, honest heart that the world—*her* world—should be so cheated, and should like to be so cheated.

You see that our little Olive expected too much of life. Hers was an exceptional nature, but she did not know it; and she looked, as a matter of course, for a world made up of exceptional natures like her own. A great, noble soul dwelt in that small body of hers; a large heart all aglow with intense affections, deep, strong feelings, unlimited capacities for pain or pleasure; above all, a clear, undimmed *truth*—a truth which was *reality* in all that represented herself, and which shrank from the slightest clouding of its pure atmosphere when in contact with others.

Such natures have a hard battle to fight in life; if they finally accept the lower standard with which they find the rest of the world content, they only do so after a series of desperate struggles, after a resolute debating of each inch of ground. If they succeed in holding their own, they find themselves left alone—trying distinction enough for a man, but woeful for a woman! Short as her life had hitherto been, Olive had already experienced something of this last trial. Claris she had long ago "found out;" Claris, who had been a coquette in her nurse's arms; Claris, whose vanity had been so prodigious, even in her short skirts, that it had taught her tricks, and wiles, and pretty little affectations which honest, straightforward Olive scolded and scorned. But Claris was not all the world; she was very unlike her mother, a good, frank, open-hearted woman, who loved her little stepdaughter dearly, and was loved by her with the tenderness and devotion of which she was capable. But Mrs. Godfrey Rankes died, and the little girls, from whom she had been hitherto unwilling to part, were sent home under the care of a lady friend, who, admiring Claris, and seeing nothing attractive in the little brown, grief-stricken Olive, devoted herself to the one who most amused and interested her. Claris, fooled to the top of her bent, consoled herself for her mother's loss in the flattering attention and admiration of her temporary guardian and other fellow-passengers, and, from her new experience of life, added quite a valuable list of new and fascinating "notions" to her previous stock.

Olive wasted a good deal of indignation upon her sister's heartlessness, and wondered passionately that no one but herself loved her the less for so soon forgetting the dear, fond mother who was so immeasurably above these silly, gay ladies whom Claris was so willing to take in her place. Olive longed for the voyage to be ended, that she might escape from a society which—little misanthrope of twelve years!—she felt she despised.

But, alas! Miss Forlonge's school furnished no kindred spirit to mate with hers. A fashionable martinet of a governess, a set of superficial thoughtless girls, taught to regard elegant manners and good looks as the two great aims of life, governess and girls were alike captivated by the airs and graces of pretty Claris, and ignoring the quiet concentration, the silent earnestness of Olive, left that high-minded little woman very much disappointed with all she had hitherto seen of life, and very distrustful of what she might see in the future.

Think what an expansion of that disappointed, burning heart, what a revival of hope and trust in life, the discovery of such a lovely nature as Miss Ursula's brought! Olive and she took each other straightway to their several hearts. Miss Ursula had a quiet intuition of her own, and Olive felt that, for the first time since she had lost her stepmother, she was understood. Miss Ursula was not at all dazzled by the charms of Claris; like Olive, she possessed that *genuineness* which acted as the crucial test of shallow natures; but Claris was so like her father! Miss Ursula smiled lovingly at some points of the resemblance, and sighed at others.

After Godfrey's death the two girls spent all their holidays with Miss Ursula, and quite a jubilee was each returning Midsummer and Christmas time to her and to Olive. And to Claris, too, if all her pretty speeches could be believed; but Olive did not believe them. She knew that Claris was more at home in Miss Forlonge's elegant drawing-room than in Aunt Ursula's little parlor, and that she thought private scorn of the country lady's economical wardrobe as contrasted with the sweeping skirts and French silks of the fashionable governess. She knew that Claris wearied of the green lanes and sweet meadows and the wild flowers which Olive loved so well, and sighed for the flattering school-girl crowd and the passing admiration which met her, even in the streets, during their daily walks.

Godfrey had said that the remnant of his fortune would suffice for the education of his daughters, and Miss Ursula set steadily before their minds and her own the necessity which must follow. She grieved over it; she would fain have guarded these young lives from any rough contact with the world; she longed, too, to keep them with her for her own sake. Olive had her own silent dread of the world and her yearning for Aunt Ursula's companionship, but Claris was nothing daunted by the prospect before her. She had a wider ambition than the narrow circle of her aunt's society—consisting only of the clergyman's and doctor's wives—could satisfy, and handsome Claris was very confident in her own resources. So, whilst she carefully kept the secret of her future prospects from her school friends, she built up all manner of castles in the air, in all of which she lived successful, happy, and *married*, in spite of her unfavorable start in life.

The time came when all these previsions were to be fulfilled, when the two girls bade farewell to Miss Forlonge's probationary school-room, and came home for the last time to Miss Ursula. There was very little change in either of them, only that Claris had expanded into magnificent womanly proportions. Large, blonde, graceful, with an air of fashion and elegance which might have fitted a countess, with a thousand charms and graces of manner very pretty to behold, Claris seemed to fill the little cottage room with a subtile refinement, just as the scent of some exquisite essence pervades the atmosphere of a lady's boudoir.

A few weeks of happy holiday time, and then Miss Ursula saw her dear ones depart for others' homes. The choice of these had been characteristic. Olive placed herself under the roof of a clergyman, poor in worldly wealth, rich in those blessings of which The Book say, "Blessed is the man that hath his quiver full of them," won by a certain patient weariness in the gentle, faded face of the overtasked mother of ten children. Claris, on the other hand, chose the family of a rich country squire and the charge of an only daughter; and whilst Olive toiled early and late to lighten the burden which fell so heavily on shoulders too feeble to bear it, Claris, by the "open sesame" of her beauty and fascination, achieved her own position, unlocked the barriers of pride and caste, and shone triumphant the belle of the drawing-room, the star of every country gathering, successful everywhere save in the almost deserted school-room. She knew how to steer clear of envy and jealousy; she flattered and fascinated her own sex *first*, and then the rest was easy. The husbands and brothers seemed only to follow the lead of their womankind, and the womankind—the difficult part of the task, as Claris's full-grown tact recognized—were satisfied. Clever Claris!

Miss Ursula sometimes wondered how it could be that Claris, whose income was three times that of her sister, was always in debt and difficulty. Claris explained that the society she moved in demanded much expense in dress, and Miss Ursula's purse had sometimes to be taxed to supply deficiencies which Claris protested were unavoidable. Olive's small means supplied all her own wants, but left her nothing over, or it is certain she would not have permitted this tax upon the aunt's slender resources.

It was just at this point in the history of these three that Miss Ursula's great news came. Sir Walter Armytage, her brother's early patron, from whom they had never heard a single word since that time, died some three or four years after his scapegrace son and heir, and dying, remembered those he had so forgotten in his life. He caused inquiries to be made after his nephew's family, and discovering that Ursula alone remained, he bequeathed to her the whole of his property, on condition that she should take the name of Armytage, "and keep it." And because a certain eccentric twist in his character forbade his doing even this last act of his life in a gracious or a kindly manner, he left the will in his lawyer's hands, only to be opened a fortnight after his death, when Miss Ursula was to be apprised of her inheritance. "When I am forgotten," concluded the old man; "and I leave her this because she is the only poor relation of my name or kin *who has never asked me for anything*."

And so for no better reason, although many might have been found, Miss Ursula Bankes became the possessor of £5,000 a year.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT'R. 27, 1866.

OUR NOVELETS, CLUBS, &c.

We commence in the present number, a new Novelet, called

HEARTS ERRANT,

which we have every reason to believe will give great satisfaction to our readers. Lady readers, especially, will admire it.

We design commencing a new novelet by Mr. Bennett in the first paper of the next year. It will be called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER; A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

We trust those who intend making up clubs for the new year, will begin at once, before their friends are engaged for other periodicals.

No paper offers as great inducements as The Post. Besides, as The Post and the Lady's Friend can always be clubbed together, it makes the getting up of large lists much easier than where there is no choice. Many persons will also take both periodicals, and thus count for two subscriptions.

We return our thanks to the host of old friends who have stood by us for years, and hope to continue to make The Post in every way worthy of their support. And if it comes in their way occasionally to recommend our sheet to their friends and neighbors, we shall duly appreciate the kindness.

ELOQUENCE.

We observe the following paragraph going the rounds of the newspapers, credited to Henry Giles:—

"Though a great man said that 'words were things,' the agents who have created greatest things were men of fewest words. Washington could not have made an oration to save his life, and Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, had but small power of thinking on his feet. We do not underrate the force of grand and impassioned speech; we hold that utterance is a sublime faculty, that it can set the brain on fire, and the heart in flame; but to guide a nation when that nation has reached its climax of excitement, the finest utterances will be feeble. It was Moses who led the host of Israel out from Egypt, and to the borders of the promised land, yet Moses was poor of speech. Aaron, who was eloquent, was but the mouth of Moses, and Aaron was always only secondary."

We may remark on the above, that Aaron may have been a very eloquent speaker, but we do not remember that any of his eloquent speeches are recorded; while Moses was not only "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," but perhaps the most profound, forcible and eloquent writer of his time. Moses did not speak much in public, simply because he stammered. Had it not been for that physical infirmity, and perhaps also for his modesty—for he was "the meekest man on the face of the whole earth"—doubtless he would have been as eloquent with his tongue as with his pen. As for Jefferson, all know that he was an exceedingly eloquent writer. All this to show that great men have not generally been men of "few words." In fact, the truth is just the reverse. All the great founders of creeds, and schools, and religions—the great spiritual kings of the world—have been men of *many words*—spoken and written.

The Universal Peace Society.

An association, bearing this title, has been holding a sort of Convention among us, as, we may suppose, a preliminary proceeding to the inauguration of a millenium. Can it be that in these days of steam and rifled cannon we are approaching the verge of that desirable epoch which has so long held out hands of promise to a sick world? With all the nations around us breathing sulphurous fumes, emerging from wars and preparing to plunge again into the waves of battle, such a society seems an oasis in a desert of bloody intentions.

Yet let us mock at nothing of even prospective utility. Good intentions make weak manifestations respectable. Skepticism used to be considered a proof of superior wisdom; the experience of our age teaches us to consider it as often a proof of superior folly; and what appears the utmost credulity frequently proves to be the greatest shrewdness. We can afford now to laugh at the skeptical philosopher who clearly demonstrated that no steam vessel could cross the Atlantic at the very time that the pioneer steamer was proving the contrary; but many of us laughed with equal amusement at the persistent Field, in his apparently vain efforts to lay iron nerves under the same ocean. Yet now we have but respect for the man who has enabled our thoughts to bridge the seas.

"Know thyself" was the wisest axiom of the ancients. "Let nothing astonish you" is the motto of the nineteenth century. It may be a species of mild mania which makes these, our estimable neighbors, hope that the thirsty world will stop, with the draught of war at its lips, to listen to their reasonings. Yet somehow these social manias seem to grow. Any idea, however adverse it be to the general opinions of mankind, if it but have in it the seed of a loftier future, will gain nutrition from the lowest present. It is uncharitable and unwise to laugh at even a ludicrous display of good intentions. After a few years of life these ridiculous ideas often grow into serious facts.

But what is to become of an idea that cannot contend? Though a whole nation should grow infected with the peace principle, and innumerable laws fix its provisions, how shall we dispose of the remnant of the original Adam in us all which so decidedly objects to turning the left cheek when the right is smitten? Suppose some warlike race ventures to kick us because we have passed resolutions against kicking back. Will that sturdy old human nature we all inherit quietly bear it? And what again is to become of a principle which nobody opposes? An idea never grows well till it has been trodden upon. That which all vote good will swim smoothly enough till some sudden circumstance changes the current of our feelings. Then, like threads, the links of the strongest peace are rent, and the mountain torrent of war sweeps all before it.

But every reform must have its beginning. Let our peace advocates but study how war may be made too terrible and costly a game to be lightly played, and at the same time educate all the world to their standard of thought; in that remote age they will have the whole earth as a grand assembly room of their Universal Peace Society.

Pennsylvania Central Rail Road—Change of Time.—By a reference to the advertisement of the Pennsylvania Central Rail Road, given in another column, it will be seen that the running time of their trains was changed on Sunday, the 21st inst. Those interested will please notice that by the new arrangement the Sunday Paoli Trains have been discontinued.

Curious History of a $1,000 Note.

Frequent mention has been made in the proceedings of the Baltimore City Council of a $1,000 bank note, which was in possession of Mr. Josiah Cobb, and which he felt desirous to have disposed of, so that he might be relieved of all care in reference to it. Its history, which we copy from the Baltimore Sun, is a little curious:

In the year 1838, it appears, Mr. Cobb was called on by a lad to change a $10 note. Upon looking at it he discovered it was a genuine $1,000 bill, and he was curious to know something more about it. So great a mistake in the denomination of a note was not ordinarily made. He retained it for inquiry, and then ascertained it had been offered to a lady who conducted the millinery business, by a negro woman, in pay for some articles. That some one was the loser to that amount seemed almost certain. Mr. Cobb, under the circumstances, felt himself justifiable in retaining the note, so as to find the owner. He advertised it at various times for some four years, and never had a call for it.

Tired of being its custodian, in February, 1842, deposited it in the city treasury, with $80 40 interest, in trust, for the benefit of the owner, if he should ever be found. Efforts have been made, at one time or another, by parties in the way of administration, or as descendants of the colored woman, long since deceased, to get possession of it, but without effect. Since the time of deposit with the city the $1,080 40 have been lying in the city treasury, drawing interest, and at this time the sum amounts to near $3,000. This, by the action of the City Councils, within a day or two past, it has been determined shall be appropriated to the use of the "Union Orphan Asylum." Thus the mysterious note is finally disposed of. In addition to the singularity of the fact that Mr. Cobb never found a legal claimant for the note, notwithstanding his repeated advertisements, it seems that the colored woman who presented it to pay a bill never appeared to make a claim for it.

☞ A woman in Louisville lately gave birth to twins, and shortly afterwards sold them to two neighbors—the boy for two dollars and the girl for two pairs of children's shoes.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Poems by Elizabeth Akers, (Florence Percy.) Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Mrs. Akers is probably best known by her popular poem, "Rock Me To Sleep;" but an examination of the present volume will convince any good judge that she has written many poems which take as high rank among the poetical productions of the present day. Her verse is nearly always well finished and melodious, and generally full of vigor. That it so frequently manifests a spirit not only of sadness, but of positive wailing and sorrow, is owing doubtless to the author's sad experience of life. Still, as Shelley says,

"The sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought—"

and several of Mrs. Akers' saddest poems are very sweet indeed. Witness the following:—

GERTRUDIE.

Born in the shadow of sorrow,
Cradled in mourning and sighs,
Golden hair sprinkled with tear-drops
Rained from her mother's sad eyes,—
Tear-drops more burning and bitter
That they are flowing in vain,
Orphan Gertrudie,
Dear little fatherless baby,
Little bird out in the rain!

Baby! this world is so cruel
Why should you tempt it? Beware!
Wring the salt baptism of sorrow
Out of your soft yellow hair,
And, since you wandered from Heaven,
Seek the bright pathway again,
Orphan Gertrudie:
Go, ere the angels have missed you;
Fly away out of the rain!

Is not that sweet? Now read another:—

THEN.

I lean my aching forehead on my palms,
And think how it will be another year,
When May, with passionate showers and sunny calms,
Will walk this way, and I shall not be here.

The city will not miss me: I have been
Only a step-child of its dust and noise;
Longing and homesick, in its strife and din,
For the green country and its quiet joys.

Threading its wilderness of crowded streets,
How have I longed for rural summer-tides,—
For tangled wood-paths, full of dewy sweets,
And cool green ways by murmuring river-sides!

These alien souls will never miss the face,
Tear-stained sometimes, and sometimes summer-fair,
Which came and went among them for a space,
And then was gone,—and no one wondered where.

But thou, who wanderest distant lands across,
How will thy heart, O tender and most dear,
Ache with a sudden sense of bitter loss
When thou returnest and I am not here!

We must find room for one more poem—one of the most perfect, in our opinion, in the book:

THE SPARROW AT SEA.

Against the baffling winds, with slow advance,
One drear December day,
Up the vexed Channel, toward the coast of France,
Our vessel urged her way.

Around the dim horizon's misty slopes
The storm its banners hung;
And, pulling bravely at the heavy ropes,
The dripping sailors sung.

A little land-bird, from its home-nest warm,
Bewildered, driven, and lost,
With wearied wings, came drifting on the storm,
From the far English coast.

Blown blindly onward, with a headlong speed
It could not guide or check,
Seeking some shelter in its utter need,
It dropped upon the deck.

Forgetting all its dread of human foes,
Desiring only rest,
It folded its weak wings, and nestled close
And gladly to my breast.

Wherefore, I said, this little flickering life,
Which now all panting lies,
Shall yet forget its peril and its strife,
And soar in sunny skies.

To-morrow, gaining England's shore again,
Its wings shall find their rest;
And soon, among the leaves of some green lane,
Brood o'er a summer nest.

And when, amid my future wanderings,
My far and devious quest,
I hear a warbling bird, whose carol rings
More sweetly than the rest,—

Then I shall say, with heart awake and warm,
And sudden sympathy,
"It is the bird I sheltered in the storm,
The life I saved at sea!"

But when the morning fell across the ship,
And storm and cloud were fled,
The golden beak no longer sought my lip,—
The wearied bird was dead.

The bitter cold, the driving wind and rain,
Were borne too many hours;
My pity came too late: and all in vain
Sunshine on frozen flowers.

Thus many a heart which dwells in grief and tears,
Braving and suffering much,
Bears patiently the wrong and pain of years,
But breaks at Love's first touch!

We trust our quotations will induce many of our readers to purchase the beautiful volume of blue and gold in which these poems and others as admirable are enshrined. It would be a very suitable present for an intelligent lady friend.

The Lost Beauty; or, The Fatal Error. A Spanish Novel. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

How I Managed My House on £200 ($1,000) a Year. How I Managed My Children from Infancy to Marriage. Comfort for Small Incomes. Three excellent volumes—all by Mrs. Warren, an English writer. We are glad to see them widely circulated. Price 50 cts. apiece. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

QUECCHA CIVILIZERS—HUT HOUSES—SILVER ATTACHMENTS—HAND LOOMS—CURIOUS CLOTHS—WEAVING—AN ANCIENT PANCHO—A FREE FIGHT.

Half the inhabitants of the South American silver city of Bolivia are dogs. More than that; for while the canine count cannot fall far short of thirty thousand, forty-nine-fiftieths of those who claim human alliance because of having human form, are filthy beasts—technically "dirty dogs."

Of the sort of population that would count in a civilized census, I suppose Potosi contains in the near neighborhood of twelve thousand, while the floating part, that made up of Indians and all sorts of vagabonds, foreign and domestic, that have no fixed home or habitation, will probably number ten thousand more; so that counting cura, Christians and *el salvages*, Potosi must have a population not far from forty-three or four thousand, though Bolivian statistics claim no more than ten thousand all told. Bolivian authorities are wise—knowing that three-fourths of Potosi's people are not worth counting.

Almost everywhere, both in Bolivia and Peru, one may meet with individuals, and occasionally parties of from five to fifteen, wandering descendants of an ancient race, that under such Inca sovereigns as Huasco, Atalpa, and Monico, made up a mighty nation, far advanced in intelligence, agriculture, and arts—Christian in conduct, though sun worshipping idolaters in faith. These, however, are never fair representatives of the race from which they are descended—always low, degraded, and brutalized, more by contact with the dominant race than innate viciousness, mingling their native Quecchs language with that of their conquerors, making a beastly patois unlovely in intonation and unintelligible to Christian ears.

But going inland from the sea, it is at Potosi that we find native Peruvians something as they were when Peru under her Inca lords was the ruling power in South America. Probably one-half of all the fixed inhabitants of the city are Peruvians *en pure*, domiciled and counted as citizens, though contributing nothing to the revenue of the country, holding no office, having no voice in national affairs, and only amenable to its laws in criminal cases; so that their presence as citizens is rather a unique anomaly in political jurisprudence.

In their way, the native Peruvians are a useful class, being industrious, though never enterprising or in the least energetic—quiet, inoffensive and harmless; but holding always an inherited hate of the Spaniard, rarely demonstrative, but passively underlying every other sentiment so securely, that of the Peruvians of Inca or Quecchs origin, few indeed have the Roman Catholic priesthood ever been able to persuade to abandon their Sun idolatry and embrace that of "Mother Church," wherein as these barbarian philosophers argue, idols infinitely less efficient than their Sun-god are worshipped.

This class of Potosians live in small huts, more like a hive than a house, constructed of mud *adobe*, and in less frequent instances of rawhides or brush-wood wicker work, without regard to comfort, convenience, or municipal or architectural order, sometimes clustering irregularly in the heart of the city, like unsightly ant hills, conglomerating in the suburbs, and here and there zig-zagging in long lines radiating out into the country a league or more, as independent of all lineal arrangement or street economy, as a colony of down Delaware musk-rat houses.

As a rule, however, the interior of these Quecchs kraals are much neater, cleaner and more comfortable than their outside appearance would indicate, and towards all strangers, other than Spaniards and the vagabond foreign element, whom no one cares to entertain, these simple minded Peruvians are friendly, communicative, and hospitable to the full extent of their means.

They are useful too; supplying by their ingenious industry many fruits and edible vegetables that Catholic Christians and all others inhabiting Potosi would else go in want of, besides making many useful articles of domestic use in general request, so much so that what the Jews are in many communities as money lenders, the Quecchs Peruvians are to the Spanish Peruvians of Potosi in the way of purveyors.

Silver was in ancient times the favorite, almost sacred metal of the Peruvians, and the attachment to it of their descendants even down to the present time, amounts to something very like a mania. We were among them a great deal during our stay in Potosi, eating and drinking with them, socially chatting, and learning everything we could pertaining to their customs, domestic habits, traditions, and prejudices; and almost invariably among even the humblest of them, we found at least three or four small silver trenchers that served as plates, a drinking cup or two of the same metal, a most convenient little utensil common among all the natives in the interior of Peru and Bolivia, being a spoon at one extremity and a carved hodkin or stiletto at the other, that served as a fork, and several other useful purposes besides; the handle between being often fancifully wrought, and the whole affair made of virgin silver.

One of these Quecchs Peruvians, though he may be as ragged as Lazarus, and poorer than Poverty incarnate, with no other dinner than stewed *frijoles*, and a scrap of dried mutton, would scorn to partake of it himself or offer it to a guest, served on any dish less ostentatious than sacred silver. We were often amused to see households of a dozen having but two silver plates, dining consecutively in pairs two at a time rather than lose caste by eating from a plate less aristocratic than silver.

Among the divers handicrafts of these aboriginal Peruvians, we saw a good many hand looms in operation weaving various fabrics, some of them most admirably woven, water-proof cloth wrought in figures, fruits, flowers, birds, and butterflies, so bright and beautifully correct that nature had its perfect counterpart in woven wool and cotton.

These primitive looms were certainly some forty thousand years I should think towards original chaos, from the admirable self acting machine of 1866, invented by Mendenhall. Nevertheless they were a very marked improvement upon any of the weaving machines we had seen in Calle, or among the Red Aricaumans. Simple as simplicity itself, the woven material owes nothing of its beauty or excellence to mechanical complexity or combinations—everything to native dexterity, and manual manipulation.

Instead of pegs driven into the ground to secure each separate thread of the warp to, as we had seen in Chile, there was a rude, rough frame four feet high, three wide, and about seven long, with a roller at either end, on top—one to wind the warp on, the other to wind up the cloth when woven; and the weavers, one on either side, each supplied with bobbins of variously colored yarns, and a flat, pointed two-edged wooden sword some three feet long, wove up the curious cloth, from one-quarter up to one yard per day, according to the quality and illustrations with which it was to be embellished, in this manner—

Operater No. 1 picks up on the point of his spatula every alternate, third, fifth, or tenth thread, according to the requirements of figure or various figures to be worked in, going on thus until he has gone through the breadth of the warp, when he turns his instrument edgewise, opening a clear space through which his opposite partner shoots the particular bobbin required, when turning his hard-wood sword on the flat again, he fetches the thread just shot in a welt that beats it up like No. 1 hemp canvas. Thus he goes on for a quarter, or it may be half an hour, when he turns shuttle, his partner taking his turn at playing reed, lathe, harness and weaver with a flat stick.

The usual width of the cloths thus woven is about fifteen inches, though in some instances material is made fully a yard wide. In that case, however, it is always plain. The fabrics woven by this simple primitive process are beautiful, firm, and wear almost like iron. I have at present an ancient *poncho*, given me some eleven years since by an old Spanish silver king living near La Paz, who, in presenting it, said:

"Don Carlos, it is very good yet, and it has covered me in *mucho mal tiempo* these twenty-three years." The figures of birds, vines, leaves, and animals woven into the cloth were as naturally distinct, and the colors as brilliant as they were when first woven in. It is but little faded yet, and I do not remember of its having been very seriously wet through, though I wore it as a shelter tent through pouring floods during the rainy season in Equador—wore it in wading round Cape Horn homeward bound, in very hard weather, and during these past ten years it has performed a good deal of out-door service, last of all serving a friend in the Army of the Potomac, through all the arduous duties and campaigns, coming back at the conclusion of the war a very respectable *poncho* still, only bespattered, somewhat fringed at the edges, and in five places ventilated with bullet holes.

When one has admired the inoffensive habits and passive industry of these Quecchs citizens of Potosi, there is no admiration point beyond, unless it may be to those who love gold, and next to that precious metal, pure silver, the immense piles of ore and white, virgin ingots at the smelting works. Certainly there is nothing admirable in the city itself, or its citizens, except in instances so rare that you are likely to forget one before falling in with another. A mud hole on a mountain top, packed with all manner of beastliness and immorality. Such a high-low sample of South America, or any other civilization—such another *foul Ohelenna*—sink of sin—Sodom above the clouds, exists nowhere else in this world.

Bolivia would be no better or worse if Potosi were blotted out of existence, but for a time the atmosphere of the upper sierra would be purified if some day the volcanic mountain should gape wide its jaws, gulping down at one bite Bolivia's silver city with all its abominations, swallowing it in everlasting oblivion.

Feuds and fights and murderous massacres are occurrences so common in Potosi, that they rarely attract much attention beyond the near neighborhood of the difficulty; but one night when we had been some ten days in the city, a disturbance occurred early in the evening, spreading so rapidly that by midnight the tumult was terrible, and seemed to be general throughout the town. The soldiers, undisciplined, few in number, cowardly, miserably armed, and worse officered, were beaten back by the mob, and the *delegado* came rushing to our quarters, imploring us to save the city from sack, and the women and children from abuse and death.

We had no idea what the hurrah was all about, nor had the *delegado* then; but we soon learned. Hurrying to saddle and out into the street we encountered the English engineering and mining force, supported by some hundred and fifty of the Buenos Ayrean silver-train guard, out and under arms. The English superintendent-in-chief was better posted than the *delegado* in regard to the difficulty, its origin and the object. The foreign vagabonds *en masse*, joined by most of the half-breed miners, were out, armed, slaying and slaughtering soldiers and citizens indiscriminately, their object being to kill all that opposed them, and capture all the treasure that on the following day would have left the mines by the Argentine silver-train.

The vagabonds were no better equipped than the Bolivian soldiers themselves. But they were fifty times more ferocious and murderously disposed, hacking, and hewing, slashing and carving with their hatchets, old swords, and wicked knives everybody and thing that fell in their way. We settled their business for them, however, as soon as a plan of operations was decided.

The Argentines divided into two parties, taking down streets running parallel to that down which the furious mob was surging, going off at a double-quick to unite again and attack the insurgents in the rear. The English party also divided into squads, to go down outside and flank the rascals by the cross streets, leaving us in front to charge the head of the insurgent column so soon as we should hear the Buenos Ayrean bugle in their rear.

We did not wait long for the blast that announced the Argentines in position, and away we went at a swinging gallop, filling the width of the narrow street, firing our first shots within a horse's length of the assassins' faces—then firing as fast as we could pull, dashing in among and riding the wretches down without mercy, till our revolvers were emptied, when whipping out our swords, we fell to right and left, driving the rabble of ruffians before us like rats running from a burning barn.

Coming in upon their rear, the Argentines killed without mercy—the Englishmen falling upon their flanks gave no quarter, and thus penned in, the insurgent thieves suffered so severely that those who came out of that night fray alive were taught a lesson that would doubtless last them so long as they lived.

☞ An organization of a secret character is in full blast, having for its object the possession of Cuba.

The Wreck of the Evening Star.

The loss of the Evening Star, recently wrecked on the passage from New York to New Orleans, was one of the saddest of shipwrecks. A large number of persons were on board, connected with an opera troupe, circus company, &c.—including many women.

A private letter from Mayport Mills, Fla., says that Gouldsby, the second mate of the Evening Star, had arrived there, having left the steamer with a boat-load of ladies. All but two were lost before getting near shore. In landing the latter were lost—one named Annie, from Rhode Island, and the other Rosa Howard of New York. Both became insane from want and starvation. The bodies were washed ashore. That of the latter was nearly devoured by sharks. The mate is barely alive.

The following account, taken from the lips of one of the crew, gives further particulars of the appalling catastrophe:

He says:—"I had run on that steamer several months once before; the last time I shipped was about two months ago, and we have made two trips since; had always regarded her as a strong boat—but about four months ago she run on a reef off the Florida coast, and broke her back, and since then I believe she has not been strong, although she was supposed to have been thoroughly repaired immediately afterward.

"We left New York Monday morning, with pleasant weather and a prospect of making a quick trip. The next day, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, it blew so hard that we took in sail, and I noticed, as the sea rose, she worked and strained badly, and I thought of the heavy engine amidships and the immense freight on board, but having been at sea thirteen years, and feeling so well acquainted with her, felt no uneasiness, though the wind soon blew a perfect hurricane, a man being scarcely able to stand on deck for it.

"She soon began to leak, and the water came in from all directions. The pumps were set at work, but gave out, and all hands, passengers and crew, men and women, went to work with buckets to try to keep down the water till daylight. The gale increased, and the paddles and wheelhouses were carried away during the night. I was sent below to keep the water from coming in at the 'dead lights,' and had them stuffed with bedding, ladies' dresses and everything else we could lay hands on, but every sea that come would turn the ship on her side, and the water would pour in to such an extent that it seemed useless to try to do more.

"Soon after, we were all passing water from the hold in buckets, and several ladies were assisting near me in the line, when the ship gave a terrible lurch, and I thought they would be frightened; but they only asked quietly if we thought the danger great, to which we of course answered in the negative.

"Those women worked bravely, nobly. A few of the German women gave up in despair; but the American ladies worked on, earnestly and bravely, without faltering, till 5 o'clock in the morning, when the captain came down, and told us that the vessel must go down.

"They had more pluck than many of the men had. When the captain informed all hands that the ship could not hold together long, she was a perfect wreck, and floated in the trough of the sea, settling deeper every minute. I was one who went below at this time, to wake up all who were in their state-rooms. Several were very sick and did not leave their rooms, going down with the ship. Going on deck soon after, I found everybody gathering there, and the wind blew so hard that no human voice could be heard five yards. I assisted in cutting away four boats—we had ten life-boats—the others were also cut adrift. We could not launch them in that sea. Suddenly the ship gave a lurch, and before we knew what had happened we were under water. It was so sudden I couldn't realize it.

"When I came to the surface, the water was covered with driftwood, and I managed to get hold of a plank, which sustained me a short time, and by the little daylight we had, the forms of several of the passengers and crew could be seen clinging to planks, timbers, boats upside down and anything else which assisted in sustaining them above water.

"After being capsized several times, and being badly bruised by the timber floating about, I at last got into the captain's boat, which was supporting 18 or 20 persons then.

"A young lady was clinging to her on one side—the only woman I saw alive then out of the eighty or ninety aboard. The boat being full of water, was turned over several times by the heavy seas, and we all lost our hold on her, but all but one or two regained it. The third time the boat was overturned the young lady lost her hold and sunk by my side, almost near enough for me to touch her with my hand, but I could render no assistance.

"Captain Knapp soon after lost his hold, when we were capsized, and he went down so near me that I could have touched him if every particle of strength I had had not at that moment been taxed to the utmost to preserve my own hold on the boat. During the 24 hours following the sinking of the ship, our boat capsized no less than nine times, the wind blowing a gale all the time.

"We finally managed to get into her, though nearly full of water, and, by means of an old felt hat, bailed out some of the water. But there we were 14 of us, 180 miles from land, without oars, compass, chart, food, or drink; sitting in an open boat, full of water, every sea breaking over us, and threatening to capsize us again. Hitherto we had been floating at the mercy of the waves, but now a man was discovered who had been floating on a part of the deck, and had managed to get an oar, which had drifted near him.

"We took him in, and with the oar, were enabled to keep our boat a little before the wind, which had now begun to die away. Myself and another man were the only ones who had strength remaining sufficient to attempt to steer her at all, and we were pretty well used up.

"For four days and nights we were on that open boat, and though the gale subsided on the second day, a 'nasty sea,' rendered our position anything but agreeable, particularly when the sun appeared, and its burning rays beat on our bare heads.

"Our clothing soon dried, and we began to feel stiff, sore, faint, hungry, and entirely exhausted. On the third day, two of those in the boat became delirious, and leaping overboard sank from our sight. Two others died soon after, and their bodies were brought in with us. We guided our course by the stars, and thought we might possibly reach the coast of Georgia or Florida. Day before yesterday we fell in with a Norwegian bark, and were taken aboard and very kindly treated.

"She was bound to England, and as we shortly afterward fell in with a vessel bound to Savannah, we were put on board, and arrived there to-day. I don't think the steamer was lost through any lack of seamanship; everything that could be was done to save her. I have been to sea 13 years, and never was out in such a storm. It is a miracle that any of us escaped."

The narrator of the above account—which is given as nearly as possible in the exact language used by him—was a stout, thick-set man, very muscular, and with a vast amount of endurance and courage depicted in his countenance. His face and hands were blistered, and the skin rolling off so that his face will be completely peeled soon. His limbs were covered with bruises, and contusions, and altogether he showed in his person the effects of rough usage.

He declares the events of the past week seem like a dream to him, he cannot realize what has occurred. "But we were very lucky, sir," said he.

On the Evening Star, before she went down, a husband (an army officer) was seen with his devoted wife and two small children, all clasped tightly together, and there remained, even when the foaming surge of the angry waves washed through the saloon where they were kneeling, and there, in that last embrace, death claimed the faithful victims.

THE CONSUMPTION CURE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MR. EDITOR—Responding to your call for information touching the new consumption cure, I have to say, I believe consumption can be cured by raw beef and alcohol. Why not? Confidence in the patient makes almost anything a curative. Witness the cure of a whole brigade of inveterate *shakers* in Newark, N. J., by six of Mr. Mischievous Day's sugar plums, boxed and powdered, and disguised as sugar coated pills, an infallible specific for chills and fever. Curing warts by rubbing each one with a white bean in the new of the moon, and planting the beans under a flat stone. Certain it is that a great many ugly warts have been carried off in that way—not by the moon or white beans, but by confidence—faith in the practice.

Cod liver oil used to cure almost all cases of consumption and liver complaint as long as confidence in its efficacy lasted. But when consumptives began to be instructed that the livers of all the codfish in creation would not afford a millionth part of the cod liver oil manufactured, faith in the cure fell to zero, and consumptives fell back upon despair and death.

Only two months since a lady friend was suffering from a severe bilious attack, and would not have a doctor called, because he would order an emetic, and that she couldn't take. It always distressed her so—almost killed her. I volunteered an emetic that I pledged my honor should not wrench or distress her an atom, and having faith in my assertion, the lady consented to take it. So I sifted carefully into a tumbler two-thirds full of clear cold water a single grain of white powder, and said to the patient:

"There, madam. Take a teaspoonful of that once in five minutes, and in thirty minutes or so you will vomit freely and without pain."

At the fourth teaspoonful the medicine began to work wonders. The bitter bile began running from her lips as freely as water from a hydrant, without causing a single spasm or unpleasant sensation. The lady was relieved, radically cured, and what did it all was her entire confidence and a grain of *powdered sugar*—not enough to change the taste of the water perceptibly.

In this way beef and alcohol will doubtless cure many cases of consumption—a regular "confidence game," like all other remedies—not one of them worth a fig without faith—with confidence, curatives beyond question.

I believe the original method of preparing the material as a medicine was to immerse lean beef in diluted alcohol—say two-fifths water, for an hour or more. Then pound the beef like beef-steak, as tender as possible, spread it liberally with best powdered sugar and dry for three or four days, either in the sun or a moderately warm oven four or five hours. Then eat as chipped beef, to the exclusion of all other meat. The improved formula, or one of them, is to *shred* (not chop) fresh, tender, lean beef, tearing it into rags, as we say, then saturate with alcohol and chew so much at a time as will induce exhilaration, continuing the practice at intervals during the day, and every day until cured or killed.

As for myself, I believe a surer and quicker road out of consumption to robust health, where one is not so far down the road as to make getting back an impossibility, is to eat twice a day a meal of mush made out of the Brazilian *Farina de Manioc* and warm, new milk, live on a high hill, sleep in the attic of a four story house, eschew rum, tobacco, drugs and all quack nostrums, stand straight, sit upright, keep the feet warm and dry, wear flannel, wash all over frequently and thoroughly, take exercise every day, and believe with all your might you are getting well, and fifty chances to one you will. COSMO.

☞ A constitutional skeptic throws some cold water, in the London News, on the voyage of the little ship Red, White and Blue. He doesn't believe she ever sailed across the Atlantic; he has a nautical friend who shares his disbelief; he is afraid for the reputation of "that most respectable company" which has put her on exhibition in the Crystal Palace, and he declares the whole thing to be a blarsted Yankee trick. He concludes by saying that he has "written this wholly on public grounds," which we may infer to be the grounds of some largely regulated lunatic asylum.

☞ INTELLECTUAL SUPERIORITY OF FISH.—The intellectual and scientific superiority of the fish is vouched for in the fact that no single instance of a submarine telegraphic cable being injured by a fish of any kind or size has yet occurred. Every creature with fins flies from it, so that it fares much better than the wire on land in India, where the monkeys are persuaded that the poles and lines are erected for them to use in gymnastic exercises.

☞ The first public telegram ever sent over the wires was on the 14th of June, 1844, and directly thereafter a well-known member of Congress from Indiana was defeated for re-election in consequence (it is said) of his vote sustaining an appropriation of $25,000 to aid the enterprise, on the ground that "a man who could be made to believe in such a humbug was too big a fool to go to Congress."

A DISAGREEABLE MAN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Independence is a good thing. If it had not been for Independence, Boston could not have come over in the Mayflower. And our fathers would not have taken up arms and kept them up for seven years that they might hand down to us those glorious institutions, the Fourth of July, big fires and Congress. In fact, if it hadn't been for Independence, we couldn't have had any fathers. Nor that great bird, the American Eagle of the 8th Wisconsin regiment. Nor any political newspapers. Nor any conventions. So you see we are indebted to Independence for all the great blessings of the present day.

But there is a wrong side to it.

Such a thing as being too independent, altogether. There are people whose independence sits upon them like a saddle strapped on bottom upward. And it is an odd thing to look at, and very irritating to the wearer. Such independence is a humbug. It is impudent, aggressive, and conceited, bristling up and making war upon every human being. And the people who possess it are the most positively unpleasant folks you meet, the world over. They are rude and ill-bred, and are proud of it. They have neither manners nor modesty, and don't want any. I would rather face a loaded needle gun than encounter one of them. They affect my nerves.

Such a person is he whose name stands at the head of this chapter. I say *man* because he is a man. Women, whatever their short-comings, and I'm not denying but that they have plenty, are never of the abominable independent sort. Philosophers who fash themselves over "sex in intellect," may take it upon themselves to say why, but the fact is fact.

The disagreeable man glories in a heathenish ignorance of all the usages of polite society. He tries to be Davy Crockett. "*I* don't want none o' yer flummery 'bout me." He wears a soiled shirt when other men wear clean ones, and calls it being independent. He sits down in a parlor full of ladies and gentlemen in all his uncouth dirtiness, and calls it being natural. "*I* won't have none o' yer starch nor yer tight boots on me. I want to feel natural." Heaven help the man for not knowing what a fool he is!

Also: "*I* don't want none o' your bowin' and scrapin', nor yer manners. If I want to set with my hat on, I'm goin' to set with it on, and *I'm* jist as good as Andy Johnson." But I saw him once when circumstances compelled him to be on his best behavior. He shied off into the farthest corner, and shifted from one foot to the other very much as though he had been standing upon a bed of hot coals with his shoes off. I was delighted.

He boasts of his bad grammar. "*I* don't want none o' yer larnin', nor yer kimistry. *I* was eddicated in a corn patch. *I* knowed how to git through the world without nary college. It's money makes the man." So, with a grandiose that-little-ragged-boy-stands-before-you chuck of his fist, he dismisses the subject as settled for all time and eternity. Dismisses it, smiling, as Chas. Reade says, "with that air of lordly superiority the male sometimes assumes when he is behaving like a dull ass." Just so.

Says the disagreeable man: "I'm goin' to do just as I please—and if folks don't like it, they know what they can do." Yes, sir. But liberty is not lawlessness. Doing as you please don't mean that you may please to make yourself the most detestable of created men.

Further: "This thing o' dress is all nonsense. Fashion is ruinin' the country." If political economists don't believe him, I would advise them to hold a convention.

If there is one thing upon which he prides himself next after that coarseness which he calls being natural, it is his shrewdness. "I kin see through these yer patent-right fellers with their sewin'-machines and their riggins. It's all to git a workin' man's money. A sewin'-machine! It's agin Scripter. Can't fool *me*." When the poor deluded old mud-head is the very man of all men who can be fooled. Just so the vainest man that ever lived said he was the only person in England who could not be flattered.

You will please to notice particularly this wretch's wife. If you happen to see anywhere a thin, wrinkled, broken-hearted looking woman in a very old-fashioned bonnet and a short dress, no matter where you find her, whether she is the wife of minister or farmer, her husband is the man I mean. A shadowy, wrinkled woman, most always with a faded shawl, and always with a cowed, crushed look in her eyes, as though her destiny in life was a dog-like obedience and a thrashing once a week. The poor creature never lives long. A mysterious visitation of inscrutable Providence generally carries her off early, and not seldom two or three after her. Dr. Holmes says there are women who are fated to be widows from their cradles up, women who look well only in crape and jet. The disagreeable man is born to be a widower, and to keep on being a widower. Now and then, however, the same inscrutable Providence visits retribution upon him in the person of his second, or third, or fourth wife, as the case may be. I confess it is the delight of my heart to see him married to a strong-minded lady who keeps him under her thumb. It is better than a new bonnet to see him "stand around."

He is a disagreeable man travelling in the cars. His loud-mouthed argument wearies you and his selfishness disgusts you. He is disagreeable in society, where he tries to lay down the law with all the persistent ridiculousness of old Sir Oracle himself. He is disagreeable at home, where he trempies upon the necks of wife, children and servants, who alike hate and cheat him. I don't know where he is agreeable. There are places in the world where brassy obstinacy and dogmatic assurance do well. Perhaps he would make a good army officer.

It is said that of the fools in the world there are three classes—the man of whom other people make a fool, the man who makes a fool of himself, and he who is a born fool. The man described to you belongs to both the latter classes. Z.I.G.

☞ A paper is about to start in Florence, which will bear the extraordinary title of *The Valley of Jehosaphat, the Organ of the Day of Judgment*. It will be well for the new journal if its success is as extraordinary as its title.

☞ A man by the name of Perrot, offers, with a new machine which he has invented, which is moved by steam and exploded with gas, to kill at the rate of sixty thousand men every twelve hours. [That fellow's an agent of the "Universal Peace Society"—whether he knows it or not.—*Ed. Post.*]

How Women Suffer in Character

By In-door Life.

Do men ever think how much comfort and enjoyment as well as profit *they* get by living in the open air, where they have every sense constantly or liable to be constantly brought into exercise, and so into growth and symmetrical culture? Do they ever think that the sky overhead, the green fields, the shining of the sun, the kaleidoscopic changes of the clouds, the waving of the trees, the sighing of the breeze through the branches, the singing of the birds, the lowing of the cattle, the bleating of sheep, the mingling with everything which goes to make up their daily lives, have much to do with awakening, training, educating them, and giving to them marked characters? Woman is largely deprived of these advantages. Her special senses, whereby at least inductive truth comes to the mind, are kept within so narrow a sphere of activity as to leave them in only an excited and at best a poorly developed state.

Women show this in their ignorance or want of knowledge of things in detail. Knowledge of general principles with respect to *any* truth is desirable, but how to take up general principles and apply them within their legitimate range to a great variety of things, is what makes the practical and successful man. Now, men have the opportunity in their methods of living to acquire both the knowledge of general principles and how to apply them symmetrically. But women, whatever they may know of the former, know but very little of the latter. I am sure that I am right in this, because it is only occasionally that I meet with a woman who, when she is out of doors where things are transpiring panoramically before her eyes, of which I take constant note, takes any notice of them whatever. Woman generally, when out walking or riding, seems to be so related to the use of her sight and hearing as to have it of not much practical efficiency upon her sensorium. She fails to recognize objects; or, if she does perceive them, they seem to have no power so to impress themselves upon her as to awaken in her the desire to investigate their order, uses and ends.

This is not so with little girls. *They* are always as alive and as quick to the exercise of their special senses as boys of their age are. A thousand times have I seen this. As much of curiosity or the desire to know is to be found in girl-children as in boys. Sometimes I think even more is shown by them. But when they arrive at puberty, their human nature is subjected to their womanhood, and everything that they ought to know, understand and appreciate as thoroughly as men, because they hold the faculty of knowing and therefore the right to know in common with men, and, therefore, might be benefitted by such knowledge as much as men, is made to give way to conditions of living which sex then and thereafter imposes on them. Nothing is more cruel and unjust than to take an organism, the sphere of whose action is to be decided only on general principles, which principles it holds in common with another organism like it except as separated by sex, and make all its activities and attainments to be dependant upon the exercise of a function whose use is absolutely and therefore essentially special. Give to women a chance to know things general and special, and they will prove that they are as competent to master such knowledge as men are. Deprive them of the opportunity, and you stifle the instincts of their nature. You kill curiosity, and thus you kill ambition; you destroy in them the natural and beget in them the artificial; you take away from them the Intuitive without supplying its place by the Rational. The reflex effect of all this is to be seen in ill conditions of body, ill-regulated intelligence, and abnormal spirituality, and so they are injured in health, in knowledge and in character.

It is not unusual for men of a good deal of culture to mistake entirely the cause of the indifference of women to use their special senses for the attainment of knowledge in detail. Many a man who is quick and intelligent in this direction accounts for the entire want of astuteness on the part of a woman *to her possession of high spirituality.* He concludes that she is so much more refined and cultivated in the elements of her higher nature than he is, as to be beyond the exercise and influence of her sensuous nature. He regards himself as coarse and crude where she is refined and delicately sensitive. He looks upon her as representing Heaven, while he thinks of himself as of the Earth, earthy. *Never was a greater mistake made than this* in most cases where such indifference exists. The truth is, that, so far from being spiritualized, women generally are greatly defective in spirituality; and so far from being competent to the use of their senses, they are devoid of power in their use. The Apostle Paul told the truth when he said: "First the natural, then the spiritual." He, alone, is in the highest degree competent to attainment in spiritual things who is proportionally in the most intimate and true relation to natural things. The natural and the spiritual are not antagonistic. It is only the carnal and the spiritual that are.—*Laws of Life.*

A Miser's Breakfast.

A miser recently died in Paris, and his ways of living were certainly novel in the extreme. He boasted that his breakfast never cost him more than a half-penny, and that it always consisted of bread and butter, or bread and fruit. This was his economic plan: Every morning he bought a sou roll of bread. With this he went to one of the markets, and if it was winter, he began by tasting the countrywomen's butter. A bit of this was put in his mouth with a bit of bread previously deposited. Somehow the butter was always bad, or had some flavor he did not like. Not to be rude, he swallowed it, but made no purchase. In summer he fared more luxuriously, especially in the times of the cherries, the strawberries, the plums and the grapes. "Have you good cherries to-day?" "Yes." "How do you sell them?" "Six sous a pound." "Can I taste them?" "Certainly." He takes two or three cherries, eats them with a mouthful of bread, and says: "Heu! heu! they're a little sour," and so he passes on to the next stall. Before he got half way down he used to breakfast perfectly. Of course, after a time the women who sold fruit and butter at the various markets began to know him, and, amused at his eccentricity, they seldom refused to let him taste their goods. He has recently died, seventy-five years old, very rich, having never breakfasted on dry bread, or at a cost exceeding a half-penny.

☞ The key-note to good-breeding—Natural.

ON THE SAGACITY OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

The high intellectual qualities which Cuvier, Buffon and Goldsmith agree in attributing to the Newfoundland, I am satisfied, do but scant justice to the mental capacity of that sagacious animal. The point, I believe, usually made in his favor, is his habit of plunging into the water and rescuing people from drowning, but, as I have frequently had occasion to observe that he exhibits an equal solicitude for sticks and stones, or, indeed, anything that his master may first spit upon and then throw overboard, I do not think that the intellectual quality of the habit is conclusively proven. I am so well satisfied of this, that I feel confident that my dog—albeit an unusually intelligent member of the species—would refuse through logical consistency to rescue even my most intimate friends, unless they had first been spat upon and thrown in by me.

Nevertheless, although I point with pride to the fact that nobody has been drowned at my residence on Bush street since his advent in the family, I base the evidences of his intellect on somewhat higher grounds. He early evinced a disposition to attack passing Chinamen. I should have probably overlooked the circumstance, had not my attention been previously attracted to an editorial in one of the daily papers conclusively proving the inferiority of the Mongolian race, and I at once saw that what I had presumed to be simply a brutal instinct, was really a mental effort of considerable ability. I have seen him bark at an inoffensive John with a persistency that was as offensive, if not as convincing, as a column of rhetoric. I have seen him pursue negroes with that fine blending of ferocity and intelligence which I have hitherto supposed to be peculiar to the *genus homo.* When I have watched him *flush*—if I may so call it—a bevy of colored children on their way to school, and stand with his handsome head erect, his silken ears slightly raised at their bases, his tail lightly tossing like a martial plume—uttering deep-mouthed protests against this manifest abuse of the educational system, he has seemed to me to be an embodiment of chivalrous and aristocratic breeding.

In regard to his literary habits, of which no mention is made by Buffon or other naturalists, I would now speak. My attention was first drawn to the fact by his abusive attitude toward the carrier of a certain newspaper, at whom he continually growled. Although his first attempt at criticism was abstract and vague, he eventually improved upon it so much as to separate the irresponsible agent from the distasteful object itself, and spent his animosity upon the paper. This he literally "chewed up." During the term of my subscription, I do not think that an entire copy of the journal ever reached me; there was usually a column, a page, or a paragraph missing. Nor were these objectionable features of the paper apparently confined to the editorial expression; very frequently whole columns of advertisements were the subject of his displeasure. To the savageness he also added the impersonality of the critic; he never permitted himself to be caught in the act, but always wore an air of quiet unconsciousness, when his conduct was the subject of comment, that never revealed his complicity. A few days after this a copy of some Congressional speech was missing from my desk, and was found in the garden, having been clandestinely purloined by him. A preternaturally uninteresting tract, and one or two pamphlets—one, I think, on the cholera—soon followed. Had he occupied himself with the lighter kind of mental pabulum, I should not possibly have interfered. But when his taste for knowledge extended to bound volumes—when a copy of Pope, vilely handled, was found on the verandah—I found it necessary to correct him. He subsequently took Lamb and Bacon, but, as an ingenious young friend assured me that this was evidently through a too literal conception of their titles, I excused him. But when this same young person attempted to justify the seizure of Hogg's Tales as an act not inconsistent with the dog's previous habits, I could only look upon the hypothesis as pleasing in its verbal felicity, but inaccurate in its logic.

That quality of discriminating intelligence which, according to the Ethiopian belief, keeps the monkey from talking lest he should be made to work, was exhibited to a high degree by my Newfoundland. My attempts to teach him certain useful tricks failed solely through his extraordinary sagacity. When I offered him a basket to carry, he would wag his tail and otherwise show his perfect understanding of the service required, but firmly and quietly declined the office. When I ordered him to go out, he would walk as far as the threshold to show his comprehension of the order, and return to his post on the hearth-rug, to show his superior knowledge of the comparative merits of the two places. He always helped himself, when unobserved, to the victual reserved for the table, in preference to that set apart for his own use, with a fine discrimination of quality. When I sometimes found it necessary to urge him to attack the strange dogs which infested our garden—if he hesitated and exhibited a desire to bark at them from the parlor windows—if he preferred vocal abuse to prompt and physical action—I generally found that the dogs were larger than himself, and that his decision was the result of reason rather than instinct. So well am I satisfied of his sagacity, that I am convinced he only waits an opportunity to find some more comfortable lodgings to desert mine, and far from imitating the mere animal instinct which governed Ulysses' dog, I am satisfied that if, in the mysterious future, I should present myself as a beggar to him, he would at once recognize my descent in the social scale, and unhesitatingly attack me.—*Californian.*

A CAGED TIGER, sick with sore eyes, had a live dog thrown to it one day for its dinner. Not being very hungry, the usually fierce creature did not touch the trembling little dog. This quietness gave the dog courage; and he began to lick the tiger's sore eyes. This act seemed pleasant to the great wild beast, and the dog continued it from time to time till the eyes of its savage lord got well. The tiger from that time took his tiny four-legged doctor under his patronage, looked upon him kindly, if not fondly, and allowed him to eat what he chose of whatever food was thrown into his den. Henceforth they lived like bosom friends.

☞ Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the servant, and told him if he moved, he was a dead man. "That's a falsehood," said he, "for if I move, I'm sure that I'm alive."

THE LENT JEWELS.

A Jewish Tale.

In schools of wisdom all the day was spent;
His steps at eve the Rabbi homeward bent,
With homeward thoughts, which dwelt upon the wife
And two fair children who consoled his life.
She, meeting at the threshold, led him in,
And with these words preventing, did begin—
"Ever rejoicing at your wished return,
Yet am I most so now: for since this morn
I have been much perplexed and sorely tried
Upon one point which you shall now decide.
Some years ago, a friend into my care
Some jewels gave—rich, precious gems they were;
But having given them in my charge, this friend
Did afterward nor come for them, nor send,
But left them in my keeping for so long,
That now it almost seems to me a wrong
That he should suddenly arrive to-day,
To take those jewels which he left, away.
What think you? Shall I freely yield them back,
And with no murmuring?—so henceforth to lack
These gems myself, which I had learned to see
Almost as mine forever, mine in fee."

"What question can be here? Your own true heart
Must needs advise you of the only part:
That may be claimed again which was but lent,
And should be yielded with no discontent.
Nor surely can we find herein a wrong,
That it was left us to enjoy it long."

"Good is the word," she answered, "may we now
And evermore that it is good allow!"
And, rising, to an inner chamber led,
And there she showed him, stretched upon one bed,
Two children pale: and he the jewels knew,
Which God had lent him, and resumed anew.
—*Trench's Poems.*

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

For the next half hour I was like a dreamer who is conscious only of happy impressions, but is too much bewildered to know from whence they come and why. I have a confused recollection of persons gathering around me—of my hand being shaken by men of rank—and of hearing words of congratulation; but not a sentence of what was uttered during that period do I think I could correctly repeat if my life and happiness depended upon it.

At length I found myself alone with my friends; and as my mind gradually grew calmer, I learned and comprehended that we were free; that through the intercessions of our friends our pardon had been obtained from the Government; and to make assurance doubly sure, the papers were placed before us, duly signed and sealed.

I cannot describe the feelings with which I gazed upon them—the agony of rapture, if I may so express myself, with which I scrutinized every mark and line. Yes, it was my pardon! I was then free; free to live out my days in the glorious light of nature; to behold the green and flowery earth—the silvery streams—the bright sun—the wonderful heavens—and no longer to be compelled to breathe the pestilential airs of a dark, damp dungeon, amid the groans of my fellows and the clanking of chains!

But then, in the midst of this enrapturing contemplation, came a thought—a remembrance—sudden as lightning, and so powerful as to shake me in every nerve as a reed is shaken by the tempest. I started up with a half smothered cry. The blood rushed to my head, and I reeled—it poured back upon my heart and lungs, and I struggled for breath.

"Benita!" I gasped: "what of her?"

Merciful Heaven! what was life and liberty without Benita? Without her the bright world itself would only be a dark, cold prison!

"Be calm, my dear friend!" said Don Luis de La Caxa, taking hold of my arm and speaking in a soothing, gentle tone.

His look and his words, I fancied, told me the worst; and with a deep, heavy groan, I fell back upon my seat and buried my face in my hands.

"Be calm, my dear friend, I pray you!" he repeated, in the same soothing tone.

"Speak!" groaned I, despairingly: "I can bear it! I have lived through many tortures of body and mind. Speak! She was never rescued! or she is dead! Speak! you see I am prepared for the worst!"

"But are you prepared for the best?" quietly asked the noble old Spaniard.

"Ha!" cried I, throwing back my head and glaring upon him like a madman, while one hand clutched my throat to force down my heart. "The best, say you? Great God! you are not deceiving me?"

"No, my friend, not for the world would I deceive you! not for the world would I raise false hopes in your breast! You remember Romanillo and Basano?"

"Yes! yes!"

"They were both convicted and executed, with fourteen of their band."

"But Benita? Benita?"

"She was rescued."

"She lives!" I almost shrieked.

"Yes!"

"She is safe?"

"Yes."

I fell back upon my seat, and closed my eyes, and my very soul seemed to go forth in a prayer of gratitude to the Great Ruler and Disposer of events. For some minutes I spoke not a word—stirred not a limb—moved not a muscle; but sat as one in a trance—paralyzed with joy—yet feeling as if my very spirit were struggling to separate itself from its grosser habitation. My friends became alarmed; and while Don Manuel ran for water and spirits, Maitland and Don Luis began to chafe my limbs and body. With a convulsive gasp, I regained my breath and power of motion; and opening my eyes, I begged them, in a faint tone, to desist—adding, that I should soon be well.

In the course of the next quarter of an hour I had quite recovered, and almost my first question was about Benita.

"You say she is living and safe, Don Luis—now pray tell me where she is?"

"On that point," he replied, "I will give you no satisfaction, till you have taken a bath and changed those prison garments for some I have provided. Come, friends, we have a carriage in waiting; and, God be thanked! you need no longer remain in the gloomy Castle of San Juan de Ulloa!"

"But can nothing be done for the poor fellows we leave behind?" inquired I, as I prepared to depart.

"I fear not," replied Don Manuel, as he took my arm and led me forth through the massive gates. "It has cost me a great deal of trouble, anxiety, and hard pleading, to save you; and though we set to work the moment we heard of your departure and destination, yet for a whole year we met with no success, but laid ourselves under the suspicion of sympathising with the Rebel cause."

"May God Almighty bless you, for your indefatigable efforts in our behalf!" returned I, with deep emotion. "It will never perhaps be in our power to repay you—but I trust you will receive your reward."

"Nay," said Don Manuel, "I was only repaying a debt I owed you—for I have never forgotten that it was through you that my property, and perhaps myself and family, were saved from the grasp of the robbers."

On our way to the principal *posada*, or hotel, where our friends were quartered, I made some anxious inquiries concerning our companions-in-arms and the state of the revolution.

"General Mina, and all who followed his fortunes into the interior, are dead, and the revolution, or rebellion, we trust is forever crushed!" replied Don Manuel. "Our Lady be glorified! the country is now quiet; and long may it remain so is the prayer of every true Spaniard."

This statement, as I subsequently ascertained, though true in the main, was not wholly correct; for the spirit of rebellion was still rife; and here and there a few bands of Patriots, intrenched among the mountains, were still making desperate sallies against the Royalists, and striking for those liberties without which they had resolved not to live. Of Mina's followers, some half-a-dozen only had escaped imprisonment or death; but Forbes had fallen, while gallantly heading a charge, and we shed many a tear to his memory.

"And was General Mina killed in battle?" I inquired.

"No," replied Don Manuel; "he was surprised by the command of one Orrantia—was captured by a dragoon while in the act of rallying his men—was taken to the head-quarters of General Linan—and there subsequently shot, by order of the Viceroy. I will add, that he met his death bravely, and as became a gentleman and a soldier."

"God rest his soul in peace!" said I, giving a tear to his memory.

On reaching the hotel, we were conducted at once to a splendid bath-room, where we found dresses becoming American citizens, which our noble friends had kindly provided for us. Here, with the assistance of a couple of servants, we underwent the process of a thorough ablution; and when we had cast aside our filthy garments, and donned our new attire, the alteration in our appearance was so remarkable that we stood and gazed upon each other in surprise.

"And to think, my dear friend," said Maitland, with tears of joy in his eyes, "that but for your noble exertions to save me last night, I should have missed this happiness, and been next arrayed in the garments of the grave! God bless you! and may God forgive me!"

"And always remember, Curry," said I, "that the darkest hour is just before dawn."

As we went forth from the bath, Don Luis and Don Manuel met and congratulated us upon our altered appearance. They conducted us into a small, neat apartment, where coffee and light refreshments were provided for us, of which they bade us partake, but with the caution of half-famished men.

"Eat sparingly, Senores," said Don Luis, "for your condition will not justify a hearty meal; and after breakfast I shall have the pleasure of presenting you to my daughters."

"Good heavens! are they here?" exclaimed Curry.

"A thousand pardons," cried I, "for having forgotten, in the excitement, to inquire about them!"

"You are perfectly excusable," rejoined the Spaniard, with a smile. "I am only too thankful to see you both retain your senses, after such a wonderful change from a dungeon to liberty. Yes, they are here, in this hotel, and are anxiously waiting to receive you as brothers raised from the dead."

I felt eager to make further inquiry concerning Benita; but fearing the question, at the moment, might appear *malapropos*, I withheld it.

We had both of us ravenous appetites, and the food before us was the first decent fare we had tasted for more than a year; but we took the advice of our friends, and ate sparingly—rather with the seeming daintiness of well-fed epicures, than the wild greediness of men weak and faint from a long, systematic course of starvation.

Having at length quitted, rather than finished, our meal, we announced ourselves as ready to pay our *devoirs* to our lady friends; and were at once conducted into a large, elegant saloon; but we had scarcely crossed the threshold, when, with cries of joy, four bright, sylph-like forms came bounding toward us.

One, more sweet and beautiful than her companions, arrested and fixed my gaze; and I had just time to utter a cry of surprise and joy, when the arms of my beloved Benita were clasped around my neck, and I held her inanimate form in a close embrace. Overcome with joy, she had swooned in my arms, and her pale lily face now rested all unconsciously against my wildly beating heart.

Oh! the tumultuous emotions of that moment! what pen could describe them?—the unspeakable raptures of finding her once more in my arms!—the terrible, heart-rending fears, lest her spirit had taken flight and I held only the earthly remains of all I loved!

I shrieked for aid, and she was taken from my arms; and then I sunk down upon the nearest seat, scarcely conscious of what was going on around me. Restoratives were applied, and she revived; and I have a faint recollection of the strange thrill that passed through my system, when I heard the announcement that she would soon be well.

From that time, till I found myself seated by her side, and ourselves the only tenants of the apartment, I remember nothing distinctly that occurred.

"Oh! dear, dear Edmondo! is it true that we have met again? that you are now by my side?" were the first sweet words that fairly recalled me to myself.

"Benita! my dearest Benita!" cried I, impulsively clasping her to my heart, and imprinting upon her sweet lips the first kiss of a holy love: "my soul is too full for words! This is a happiness that for a long period I had despaired of ever attaining—and now I cannot utter what I feel."

"And did you think of me, dear Edmondo, while you languished in that awful dungeon?"

"Did I think of light and life, sweet one? And you are my light and life! Without you the world would be dark! Without you my spirit would be dead within me!"

"Oh, bless you! the saints bless you! God Almighty bless you!" and as she spoke she burst into tears, and for a long time wept for joy, while I held her light and trembling form in the embrace of love, and felt too unspeakably happy to give voice to a single thought.

"Oh, why, dearest Edmondo," she resumed at length, looking up so lovingly through her tears—"why did I ask if you ever thought of me in your dungeon? It was to hear your own lips say it. For I knew you thought of me. They told me all you had done for me; and how I owed my life and liberty to you, who had in turn been consigned to a living grave. Oh! the good God and the holy saints only know the terrible agonies I endured in thinking over the miseries I knew you must be suffering! and they only know how long I fasted, and how often and ardently I prayed, for your deliverance and this happy meeting! Oh! I could die now—here, in your arms—die happily—without a murmur!"

"And leave me alone on the earth, Benita? No, no—you could not be so cruel! But who told you, dearest, what I did—or rather tried to do—for you?"

"Inez and Isabel de La Caxa—who, since the death of my beloved benefactress, have been sisters to the poor orphan."

"Your benefactress, dearest Benita? Do I understand that Dona Raquel is dead?"

"Why, did no one tell you she was killed by the robbers?"

"No, I have heard nothing of that! You amaze me, Benita! I only heard that you had escaped, and were living and safe; but never dreamed you were even in this city, till I beheld you in this apartment, and felt you in these arms. Pray tell me all that has occurred since we parted at your new home!"

"Oh, no—not now, dear Edmondo—not now—the tale is too sad for so happy an occasion as this."

"Tell me something at least."

"Well, we were captured by the robbers, and taken to a fortified hacienda, where we were kept close prisoners, till liberated by the troops sent out to our rescue. I will not tell you what I suffered there. You heard a conversation, I was told, between Romanillo and Basano, that explained why we were not ransomed."

"Yes, I know all that."

"I will not repeat the language that terrible bandit-chief used to me—in order, as he said, to gain my affections—for it would only pain you to hear it. Enough, that he and Romanillo, with most of their followers, departed on some new expedition, leaving a small guard over us, who kept us closely confined. We heard nothing of what was going forward, till one day a portion of the two bands returned, and reported that their leaders had been taken; and then they swore that our lives should depend upon the lives of Romanillo and Basano—that if they were executed, we should not survive them.

"I will not dwell upon our feelings when we heard this terrible threat; but proceed to state that, on the following night, the hacienda was attacked by the Royal troops, who soon forced an entrance, and we were terribly alarmed by the sounds of conflict all around us.

"We were all kneeling on the ground and imploring the protection of the saints, when suddenly the door of our prison was burst open, and two or three bandits rushed in, followed by some half-a-dozen soldiers. The scene that ensued—the wild, terrible confusion, amid shrieks, groans, the reports of fire-arms and the clashing of steel—I cannot describe. How any of us escaped, is more than I can tell. I only know that in the melee my kind benefactress was killed; and that the mother of poor Carlota was dangerously wounded, though she has since recovered."

"Oh, what a scene for my Benita!" said I, straining her fondly to my heart. "Oh, what a terrible scene for my dear Benita! And what now would be life to me, if you had then been slain, dearest! Poor Dona Raquel! she is now in Heaven."

Benita burst into tears.

"Oh, gladly would I have given my life for hers, the sweet lady!" she sobbed. "And to think, dear Edmondo, that she had left all her property to me, the poor orphan slave! Oh, Santa Maria! may she be happy now!"

"And you went to San Luis Potosi?" said I, in order to draw her thoughts into a less painful channel.

"Yes, we were all conducted to the mansion of the noble Don Luis de La Caxa; where I heard all about you, dear Edmondo; how you had escaped from the battle, and slowly recovered; what you had done for the poor orphan after your restoration to health; and, with all the rest, your terrible doom. Oh, my God! my God! what did I not suffer then! All that had gone before seemed as nothing to the misery I endured when I heard you had been taken away in irons, to be consigned to the awful dungeons of San Juan de Ulloa. I never hoped to meet you again, though I hourly prayed I might. I did not think you would long survive; and I sometimes wished I could hear of your death, that I might be assured your sufferings were ended."

"God bless you, dearest Benita! I can see, by your pale cheek, what you have suffered for one who now ardently prays he may live to repay you!"

"And you have suffered too, dear Edmondo!—oh, how much! how much! for you are not only pale, but thin and wasted. But through the mercies of God and the saints, you are now free, and may yet see happy days."

"And with you, sweet one! with you!" cried I, as I again strained her fondly to my heart.

Not to weary the reader with detail, I will here give in a few words what I learned by de-

grees. On the recovery of the mother of Carlota, they had both returned to their own home; but the latter had been greatly distressed by the news of the loss of the heroic band of Mina; and subsequently, against the prayers and remonstrances of her parents and friends, she had entered a convent, with the avowed intention of taking the veil and shutting herself forever from the world. The cause of this retirement of one so young, rich, talented and beautiful, was not generally known; but Benita more than hinted that it had been occasioned by the sad loss of my friend Forbes, whom she had deeply and ardently loved.

Benita, having lost her kind benefactress, had been prevailed upon by Inez and Isabel to make her home with them. Knowing as they did the secret of her love for me, they had not only deeply sympathized with her for my loss, but had done all in their power to console her with a hope of my ultimate release. Don Luis and Don Manuel, assisted by the noble Commandant, had likewise spared no exertions to obtain the pardon of myself and friend; and when they had at last succeeded, great had been the rejoicing of all parties. On the following day they had all set out, post haste, for Vera Cruz, and our meeting the reader has seen.

Through the assistance of her new friends, Benita had previously obtained possession and converted into money most of the property left her by her kind benefactress; and she was now, as she expressed it, prepared to leave a land where she had seen some happiness and much misery, and accompany me to whatever portion of the great globe my inclination or fortune might take me.

"For you are all to me, dear Edmondo!" she said, with the artless *naiveté* of true and unreserved love; "my world of life, and hope, and joy! and with you I feel I can never be unhappy."

A few days subsequent to our reunion in the City of the True Cross, I led the trembling and lovely Benita to the altar of her faith; and there, surrounded by the kindest of friends, we took upon us those solemn and holy vows which were never to be cancelled in time or eternity. If she had looked lovely before, she now appeared angelic, in her pure bridal robes; and not even the Peri, when she first regained the Paradise she had lost, felt more exquisite and unutterable joy than I, as I clasped her to my heart and whispered in her ear:

"You are mine, sweet Benita! forever mine! and come sunshine or storm, come prosperity or adversity, come weal or come woe, we will walk adown the vale of life together, hand in hand and heart to heart."

On the fourth day after our marriage, we took a tearful leave of our friends, and embarked on an English brig for the island of Hayti, where in due time we arrived in safety.

I shall make no attempt to describe the rapturous meeting of Curry Maitland and Corina Villiers, but rather leave it to the imagination of the reader, assisted by what I have recorded of my own meeting with Benita. Suffice it to say, that it was one to fill all hearts with joy; and that, a few days subsequently, there was a brilliant wedding at Orange Villa, at which were assembled the beauty, talent and fashion of the city—and music, mirth, and festivity prevailed.

A week later, Maitland and I, accompanied by our lovely brides and a few select friends, sailed for our native clime, which, by the blessings of Heaven, we reached in safety; and there, to be brief, my days have since passed, in a continuous round of happiness, of which I sometimes feel I am all undeserving. We all still live, though fast advancing to the close of life; and, by God's blessing, we have seen our children, and our children's children, sport around us in happy innocence.

A few years subsequent to Mina's fatal expedition, the Patriot cause became triumphant in Mexico, and the Spaniards a proscribed race. Then it was that Don Luis, Don Manuel, and others fled for their lives, and returned to Spain; but I never had the pleasure of again meeting those who were so kind to me in my hour of need. If living now, may God bless and reward them!

THE END.

WHEN MY HAIR IS GRAY.

O, let me smooth this silken shred,
And listen what my heart must say;
'Tis only one, this silvery thread,
Of brown curls hurrying to grow gray.
Alas! with eyes of wistful ruth,
I must recall some coming day,
The grace and glory of my youth;—
Who'll love me when my hair is gray?

Who'll love me when my hair is gray?
Who'll call me "Sweet" when I am old?
Will sunny children round me play,
With cherub cheeks and curls of gold?
Oh, may I then renew my spring,
In maiden grace, in manly form,
While to my cold lips come and cling
Sweet childish kisses, wild and warm?
May know the while my pulse grows less,
In bounteous life 'tis bounding on
In younger veins to love and bless,
And make life fair when I am gone?

Or, left the remnant of my race,
Shall I behold my sinking sun,
And, gazing toward the unknown lands,
Thank God my day is almost done?—
Then while I pray with lifted hands,
And count between my failing breath
The many now no longer mine,
The friends that I have lost in death;
And, counting, sigh in soul to sail
Awhile, to seek the sunny coast,
Where I may find the love I've missed,
The joy I would have treasured most.

Who'll love me when my hair is gray?
Ah! well I know that there is one
Whose eyes will see me fair and gay
When faint and slow my life-sands run;
He'll see round my faded brows,
From whence the morning flowers are flung,
The nimbus of eternal youth,
And love as if I still were young.

☞ On the occasion of Mr. Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Patteson holding the assizes at Cambridge, England, Mr. Gunson was appointed to preach the assize sermon, when next morning the following lines were sent to the judges:—

"A baron, a justice, a preacher, sons three,—
The preacher a son of a *Gun* was he:
The baron he is the *son* of a *tree;*
Whose son the justice is I cannot well see,—
But read him *Paterson*, and all will agree
That the *son* of *his father* the justice may be."

FALSE.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

I.

"False!" she thought, with a weary gaze
Over glades alive with the timorous deer,
With hills remote in a violent haze,
And the gleam of a winding mere.
In each sweet, soft eye a large bright tear
Rose to the brim, but never fell.
"I have lived and loved," she thought, "one year.
It is over. All is well."

II.

"Ay, it is well. For false the lips
That were honey-sweet, and seemed so true;
False the touch of those finger-tips
That thrilled my whole blood through;
False the eyes of marvellous blue
Which ruled my heart as the moon the sea:
Yet I thought as I knew myself I knew
The man who was king to me."

III.

"Can the falcon coo like an amorous dove,
Then tear the heart from the answering breast?
This man had a scorn that looked like love;
He hated, yet caressed.
With the skill of a fiend, for a cruel jest,
He tamed my spirit, he soothed my fear,
Till I longed in his loving arms to rest,
Then threw me away with a sneer."

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. DUPLESSIS WINS THE GAME.

The master of Belair had been sick almost unto death, but was now slowly recovering; and the hush of dread expectancy, which had brooded like an ominous cloud over the Hall and its inmates, so long as the life of Sir Philip was in danger, had already become as a shadow of the past; and the well-trained household had imperceptibly glided back into the easy noiseless groove which circled the dull round of everyday duties at Belair. Yes, the baronet was slowly recovering; he was "much—very much better," were the exact words which emanating, in the first instance, in the discreetest of whispers, from the lips of Dr. Roach, spread rapidly from mouth to mouth as something that everybody was glad to hear; for the sick man was universally beloved. But Dr. Roach knew, and Sir Philip knew, that this attack, conquered with difficulty, was merely the forerunner of other attacks still more severe, before which the failing forces of life must ultimately succumb.

Gaston Spencelaugh had been summoned from Paris—an effeminately handsome young man, more at home in the drawing-room than the hunting-field, and fonder of a billiard-cue than a horse—who, now that all immediate danger to his father was over, went mooning listlessly about the house, smoking interminable cigars, thinking a good deal of some absent Fifine, and voting the whole business which had called him from pleasant Paris, a bore.

"You may be sure, dear, that it has been a very harassing time for your Marguerite," wrote Lady Spencelaugh to one of her confidential correspondents. "Poor dear Sir Philip has required constant attention night and day, and although not equal to the task of nursing him myself, I have felt it incumbent on me to be constantly on the spot, and to superintend personally every arrangement for his comfort. Gaston, dear, fellow! is at home: very handsome, though it is I who say it; and with a style quite *comme il faut*." In writing thus, her Ladyship had considerably magnified her slight attentions to the sick man, which had merely consisted in three or four visits each day to the room where he lay; on which occasions she would take a momentary glance at him, and murmur to the attendants: "Poor dear Sir Philip! How distressing to see him thus!" and then turning to the head-nurse, she would add: "Be sure, Mrs. Smith, that you carry out the doctor's instructions minutely; and let me be apprised the moment you see a change either one way or the other;" and so would glide softly back to her own apartments, where she would sit by the fire with a screen in her hand, for she was always careful of her complexion, and muse on what might come to pass in case Sir Philip should not recover. "With my savings and his father's, Gaston would be tolerably well off, and could afford to make a very decent figure in London society. He would go into parliament, of course, when he had sown his wild oats; and there is no reason why he should not marry into the peerage; and then— Well, well!"

But Sir Philip Spencelaugh, although thus neglected in one instance, was not left entirely to the care of hirelings. The watchful eye and tender hand of Frederica were ever near him. She had a room fitted up for herself close to his own, that she might be always on the spot; and her loving face was the first that met his gaze when his feeble senses flickered back to a consciousness of earthly things. He blessed her as he lay thus, and called her his own, his darling. They were the first words he had spoken for many weary days and nights; and Frederica had to hurry out, that she might give way in solitude to the rush of happy tears that welled up from her heart.

Nearly five months had passed since Frederica gave that promise to her uncle that she would try to look upon Mr. Duplessis with more favorable eyes, and grant him an opportunity of pleading his cause in person. It was a promise that was repented of as soon as made; and, as we have already seen, the Canadian derived so slight an advantage from the permission accorded him, that he was fain to pass it by altogether as though it had never been given, and await the quiet processes of time, which, when assisted by his own skillful by-play, might work some change in his favor, rather than frighten his beautiful quarry by a bold rush, and so lose her at once and for ever. He had consented to play a patient game, in the full expectation of ultimately winning it: so accustomed had he been to winning such delicate hazards, sometimes almost without an effort, that, for a long time, no possibility of failure was suffered to cloud his mind; but at length it began to dawn dimly on him—and it was a thought that touched him to the quick with a sort of savage soreness—that he had been struggling all this time against a barrier of ice, before whose clear coldness all his petty wiles and stratagems, and little love-making arts, withered like exotics before the breath of winter. Admiration for his many brilliant qualities, Frederica might and did feel. She was young, and had a considerable fund of enthusiasm to draw upon; and she could not help liking this man who shone out so superior to the ordinary rank of visitors at Belair. Then, again, he had a large claim on her gratitude, from the fact of having risked his own life to save that of her uncle: it was a deed that invested him in her eyes with a sort of heroic halo, through which many more faults than he allowed to be visible on the surface would have paled and grown dim. But, granting Duplessis all these points in his favor, and no one was more capable than he of making the most of them, the great indisputable fact still remained, that he found himself utterly unable to advance in her good graces beyond that coign of vantage to which he had so patiently worked his way, but which he had all along merely looked upon in the light of a stepping-stone to something higher. Let him venture but a step beyond it—and now and then he did so venture, treading delicately and with caution—and straightway the barrier of ice rose up before him, and he fell back to his old position, chilled and cowed, he hardly knew how or why, and with a bitter sense of humiliation and defeat working within him. Yes, five months had come and gone since that bright summer afternoon on which Sir Philip Spencelaugh told him of the promise which he had wrung from his niece, and the game seemed still as far from being won as ever. His patience was worn out at last; he was growing desperate; something must be done, and that immediately, for the demon of impecuniosity was knocking loudly at his door. He would make one last bold effort, assisted by the baronet, to win his beautiful prize; and then—why, then, if he were unsuccessful, he would let her go, and trouble himself no further about the grapes he could not reach. There were other grapes, not bad fruit by any means, as such things go, within his reach for the plucking; would it not be wiser in him quietly to accept this other fruit, and make the best of it, rather than waste further precious time on what was so evidently unattainable? There was Lady Wintermere, for instance, just home from the German Spas; a widow well dowered, and still, at forty years of age, passably handsome, who looked with favorable eyes on the handsome Canadian, and was by no means indisposed to encourage his attentions. As the husband of her Ladyship, even though her jointure were tied up beyond his reach, and as the master of Oakthorpe Grange, he would at once take a certain position in society; and it would not be his fault if he did not so *manager* that all rents and revenues should percolate through his own fingers, and leave some grains of precious dust by the way. In any case, for such as he, the lot was by no means an unenviable one. But to give up for ever his sweet Frederica!—not forgetting all that she was heiress to—there was the pang. He really loved Miss Spencelaugh, as much as it lay in his nature to love any one, other than himself; but he could not afford to waste more time in a fruitless love-chase. One last bold effort; and then, should he fail—Lady Wintermere and Oakthorpe Grange.

Late, one dull wintry afternoon, Sir Philip Spencelaugh sat propped up in bed, turning over with heedless fingers the leaves of a large-print copy of Massillon, bound in old calf, which lay on the coverlet before him. A shaded lamp stood on a small table close by his bed, and Crooke, his old and faithful body-servant, was moving noiselessly about the anteroom, within call. The old man's face was wan and pinched; but his eyes were brighter, and beamed with a fuller intelligence, Frederica thought, than she had seen in them for many months. At length the baronet spoke. "Crooke, go and inquire whether Mr. Duplessis is in the house. If he is, I should like to see him." Then when Crooke had gone, he went on, talking to himself; "No time to lose. I'll have it settled at once—at once. If she doesn't love him now, she will learn to do so after marriage. Girls like her don't know their own minds for a week together. No time to lose. It must be settled at once."

Mr. Duplessis was ushered into the room. After the usual greetings and inquiries were over, the old man motioned to the Canadian to seat himself on a chair close by the bed. Sir Philip lay back on his pillows for a minute or two with closed eyes before he spoke. "Henri, my friend," he said at last, "I want to know how your suit with Frederica prospers. Is the wedding-day fixed yet?"

When Duplessis entered the room, it was with the full intention of stating his case to Sir Philip, but the baronet's question took from him the necessity of doing so. "Miss Spencelaugh and I," he replied, "hold precisely the same position with regard to each other that we did six months ago."

"How is that?" asked Sir Philip anxiously. "Are your views or wishes changed in any way?"

"Not in the slightest degree," replied Duplessis. "To win the hand of Miss Spencelaugh is still the dearest hope of my life."

"Then why haven't you won it? She gave you a chance, didn't she, months ago? Why did you neglect to take advantage of it?"

"The affection your niece has for you, Sir Philip, made her yield the point in opposition to her own wishes on the subject."

"Pooh, man! That's more than you know. Don't you pretend to read the riddle of a young girl's heart: it lies beyond either your skill or mine to do so. But when once the point was conceded in your favor, why didn't you make the most of it?"

"I did make the most of it, in one sense. I pressed my suit quietly and unobtrusively. I did my best to work my way into the good graces of Miss Spencelaugh, and I failed. I still love her as dearly as ever I did, but I am afraid that she will never look upon me as anything more than a friend."

"Tut, man! You are far too timid a wooer. No wench's heart that isn't given away beforehand can stand a bold, resolute lover. They are soft, timorous things at the best of times, but as sly as the very deuce. If I had stood in your shoes, my boy, I would have forced Freddy into loving me—yes, sir, forced her!"

"Miss Spencelaugh is not a simple boarding-school miss, to be won by a few honeyed phrases, and empty protestations of affection."

"She is the best girl in the world, sir, though it is I who say it!" exclaimed the baronet, warmly. "And do you mean to say, Henri, that the minx isn't fond of you?"

"I am afraid, Sir Philip, that such is really the case," replied the Canadian, in a low, regretful voice.

"I tell you again, my dear boy, that you have gone too timidly about your courting. Freddy must like you in her secret heart, even though she won't acknowledge as much. I set my heart on this match long ago, and I don't think I could die happy unless it were to come off. I'll see Freddy about it myself; I'll see her at once. There's not much that she would refuse her old uncle."

The Canadian's eyes glittered, but he answered the baronet in a low, earnest voice:

"Not for worlds, my dear Sir Philip, would I have Miss Spencelaugh's inclinations forced in the slightest degree in my favor."

"No one wants to force her inclination, sir. But I say again, there are not many things she would refuse her old uncle. Pour me out a little of that cordial, and then tell Crooke to ask Miss Spencelaugh to come to me."

"But, my dear sir, you would not—"

"Not a word, Duplessis; I tell you I will have my own way in this matter, so don't try to turn me from it."

"But you surely don't wish me to remain in the room during your interview with Miss Spencelaugh?" persisted Duplessis.

"You shall remain in the room, but out of sight. Freddy shall not know that you are so near; you shall hide behind that screen. Nay, I will have it so. No remonstrances, or, by Heaven! I will never speak to you again—Never saw Farren in *The School for Scandal*—did you? No, I thought not. Then you missed a treat—you missed a treat. His screen-scene was the sublime of comedy.—But away with you, out of sight; I hear Freddy's voice as she talks to Crooke."

The Canadian vanished; and the next moment Frederica entered the room, and hastening up to the bed, flung her arms round the old man's neck, and kissed him fondly.

"You are better to-day, dear," she said; "I can see it in your face without your telling me."

"Better—yes. The sight of you always makes me better. But, Freddy, I want to talk to you on a serious matter. I want to know how it is that you and Duplessis—"

"We will wait till you are quite well, dear uncle, before we talk about that," said Frederica, hastily.

"Not so, darling; there's no time like the present time. I have been thinking much on this matter while I've been lying here. I'm anxious about it. You don't know, how deeply my heart is set on this thing. Five months ago, you promised that you would try to like my friend a little—that you would try to look more favorably on his suit. Has the task been too hard a one for you, darling?"

"I do like Mr. Duplessis—as a friend."

"But you do not love him?"

"No," said Frederica, faintly.

"Pardon your old uncle the question, Freddy; but no one else has stolen your heart away without my knowing it?"

Frederica did not answer, but a slight motion of her head implied dissent.

"And yet you do not love Duplessis?" resumed the baronet. "Then my most cherished scheme falls to the ground, and my last earthly wish will never be realized. I cannot tell you, darling, how I have longed for this match to be brought about. But there—there! It cannot be, I suppose, and I will urge you no further."

"Why wish me to marry at all, dear uncle? My greatest happiness is to think that I shall always stay with you—always be as a daughter to you. I wish for nothing beyond this."

"But I shall not always be here, Freddy. Not many more days are left me in this world; on that point I am not deceived. But go now—I cannot say more; I care not how soon the end comes." All the light and life seemed to fade out of his face as she sank back on his pillows; the hollows deepened under his eyes, and his thin lips were contracted as with a spasm of intense pain. Frederica looked on in sore distress, all her woman's nature at war within her.

"But, dear uncle, Mr. Duplessis himself—"

"Is here to answer for himself," said the Canadian, as he stepped from behind the screen. "Pardon me, Sir Philip, but I could play the eavesdropper no longer."

"Listening, sir!" said Frederica, with a flash of scorn from her beautiful eyes.

"All my fault, Freddy—all my fault," said the baronet; 'I made him go there against his own wishes. I questioned him, and he told me you did not care for him, and I—I thought he was wrong, and I told him to go behind the screen, and hear for himself."

"A most unfair advantage to take of any one," said Frederica coldly.

"Ay, ay, perhaps so. I see it now," said the old man wearily; "I was foolish enough to hope—but it matters not now what I hoped. It is all over—all over."

The baronet ceased speaking, and no one answered him. There was silence in the room. The sick man lay with shut eyes, and white, drawn face; Frederica stood close by the bed, her slender figure stretched to its full height, with rigid arms and intertwined fingers, and a marble fixity of features that made her seem for the moment like a piece of exquisite sculpture. Presently, her eyes wandered from the bed to where Duplessis was leaning in an attitude of dejection, with one elbow resting on the chimney-piece. Their eyes met. In those of Duplessis there was a soft, loving, wistful look—such a look as but very few eyes can express, and rarely those of a man; and it pierced through all Frederica's armor straight to her heart. He came a step or two nearer, and resting his arms on a high-backed chair of black oak, gazed fixedly at her with that same yearning, inexplicable look in his eyes.

"I am here in a very false position this evening, Miss Spencelaugh," he said; "but I freely trust to your kindness to overlook the fact, and to listen to the few words I have to say, for the first time and the last, on a subject that has been very near to my heart for a long time. I have been silent hitherto, and I should have remained silent had not Sir Philip broken the ice; but as the case now stands, I must—for after what has passed I can no longer remain dumb—try to fashion into words some little of what I feel. I have loved you long and truly—loved you from the first day I saw you"—and with that Duplessis told briefly, in warm, impassioned accents, the story of his love. "But the wild, mad dream I was foolish enough to cherish is all over now," he ended by saying; "and from this night, Miss Spencelaugh, I shall haunt your presence no more. In a few days, I shall leave Monkshire for ever."

It was certainly a very finished piece of acting. He spoke in a minor key, slowly and almost solemnly, and there was a tender pathos in his voice which assisted his eyes wonderfully. Frederica felt herself strangely moved. The firm ground on which she had planted herself seemed to be slipping imperceptibly from under her feet. That voice, those eyes; surely truth and love— She felt herself sliding down towards some terrible abyss, from which only by a last desperate effort was there any chance of escape. She was roused by an exclamation from Duplessis, and her eyes followed his to the bed. A fearful change had come over the sick man. He was sitting upright in bed, his fingers clutching convulsively at the counterpane, and his eyes staring straight before him, while a cold, clammy sweat bedewed his forehead. Frederica's arm was round him in an instant; his head came slowly round till his eyes met hers. There was something terrible in the intensity of their gaze. Inaudible words formed themselves on his lips. "He is dying!" cried Frederica in a tone of anguish. "Ring for help."

Again his lips formed themselves to speak, and this time a faint murmur fell on Frederica's ear. She bent her head to listen. "You will marry him, dear, will you not?" muttered the old man faintly, with that same terribly earnest look in his eyes.

Frederica's heart seemed to die within her. "Yes—I will marry him," she said in a low, clear voice that was strangely unlike her own. Duplessis, with his hand on the bell-rope, heard the words and turned, while a sudden gleam of triumph shot across his face; and next instant the warning summons rang through the house. An almost inaudible "God bless you!" shaped itself on the old man's lips, and then the light suddenly left his eyes, and he fell back insensible on the pillows. Frederica's power of endurance was at an end. She turned from the bed. Duplessis saw the change in her face, and sprang to help her; but before he could reach her, she sank to the ground with a low cry, and remembered nothing more.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHO WROTE THE LETTERS?

The country clocks were just striking midnight as Mr. Duplessis walked up the pathway of his little garden, and paused for a moment before going indoors to listen to the faint musical chimes borne through the silence from some near-at-hand church; and to glance for the second time at certain moonlight effects of cunningly interwoven light and shade among the trunks and crooked branches of the gnarled old trees that skirted his little demesne; for Mr. Duplessis flattered himself that he had the soul of an artist for such trifles. He had walked home from Belair through the frosty moonlight, with no company save his cigar and his own thoughts—had walked home alone and of choice, that he might be enabled, calmly and without interruption, to think over all that had happened to him on that eventful evening. He had triumphed at last; his long waiting had met with the reward he coveted most; Frederica Spencelaugh had promised to become his wife. True, the promise had not been given by her as he would have liked it to be given; it had been dragged from her by main force, as it were; but he flattered himself that when once she were his own, she would speedily learn to be as loving and docile as any lord and master need desire. So there was triumph at his heart, and a bright smile of triumph on his handsome face, as he walked home along the lonely country roads, alternately smoking and humming scraps from Beranger.

Mr. Duplessis let himself into the house by means of his latch-key, and went forward into the sitting-room, which was dimly lighted by a few embers in the grate. He was quickly followed by his housekeeper, sleepy and half-dazed, carrying a couple of lighted candles.

"You need not have sat up for me, Benson," he said; "I could have managed very well if you had left matches and a candle in the hall."

Antoine was away for a brief holiday, having gone to visit a brother who had just opened a café in London, otherwise Benson would have been in bed two hours ago.

"Who brought this letter, and when did it come?" asked Mr. Duplessis, suddenly, as he took up a singular-looking document from the table.

"Letter, sir! What letter?" said the housekeeper. "I never put any letter on the table, and not a soul has called here since you went out this evening."

"Then how the deuce did the letter get here? It was certainly not on the table when I went out."

Mrs. Benson was quite unable to say how the letter had got there. She did not like to contradict her master, but she felt sure he must have put it there himself before going out, and have forgotten it.

Mr. Duplessis, with the unopened letter in his hand, walked quickly across the room to the French window opposite the fireplace which gave access to the lawn. He opened it with a turn of the handle, and it could have been just as readily opened from the outside.

"This window ought certainly to be bolted at dusk," he said, rather sharply. "As it is, thieves and vagabonds of every kind can come and go as easily as I can myself."

Mrs. Benson folded her arms meekly over her chest, but said never a word in reply: she felt the reproof to be a just one.

Mr. Duplessis went back to the fire, and sinking into an easy-chair, placed his glass in his eye, and proceeded to examine the letter with a sort of half-contemptuous curiosity. The paper was coarse and dingy, and the direction was in a peculiar, crabbed hand, which afforded no clue to the sex of the writer. It was folded in the old-fashioned style, without an envelope; "And it is actually fastened with a wafer!" muttered Mr. Duplessis to himself. "Some begging-letter, I suppose, from a widow with sixteen young children; or from a poor but unfortunate tradesman, requesting the loan of a small sum to set him up in business again; to be paid back with interest at doomsday. Bah! I'm sick of such appeals;" and with a flip of his thumb and finger, he burst open the letter.

Benson had been fidgeting about—bolting the shutters, and placing the candles nearer her master, and raking the few dying embers together; and was just turning to leave the room, when Mr. Duplessis leaped from his chair with a wild, inarticulate cry, as though he had been shot, and then stood with one hand pressed to his head, staring at the open letter with a face as colorless as that of the marble Aphrodite on the cabinet close by.

"Are you ill, sir? Can I do anything for you?" cried the terrified housekeeper, advancing a step or two.

His lips moved in reply, but no sound came from them; but she understood from the motion of his arm that he wished to be alone; so she went out trembling, and closed the door softly behind her; but went no further than the other end of the passage, and then stood listening for

whatever might happen next. In a few minutes the bell rang. She went in timidly.

Mr. Duplessis was seated in his easy-chair again; the color had in some measure come back to his face, but he looked twenty years older than he had done only a few minutes before.

"This letter brings me very bad news, Benson," he said, speaking in a low, forced voice, and without looking his housekeeper in the face. "It tells me that my only brother is dead."

"Indeed, sir! I am very sorry to hear that," said Benson, in a voice of deep concern, remembering, however, at the same time, that she had never heard Mr. Duplessis speak of such a relative.

"So am I, Benson—very sorry indeed. There are certain business matters connected with this sad event which render it imperatively necessary that I should start for town by the first train. You will look after the lodge till Antoine returns; and should there be any inquiries for me, you may mention the mournful circumstance which has thus suddenly called me away, and say that I shall be back by Wednesday next at the latest. I find that a mail-train passes the nearest station at two o'clock, so that I have no time to lose. You will light the candles in my dressing-room at once, and then make me a cup of strong coffee; you may as well also put me up a sandwich or two as quickly as you can."

"Shall you want the horse got out, sir, to take you to the station?"

"No; I shall have nothing to carry but my small travelling-bag, and the walk this fine night will refresh me."

Half an hour later, Mr. Duplessis bade his housekeeper a kindly farewell, and quitted Lilac Lodge, carrying his bag in his hand, and took the road leading to the nearest railway-station; while Benson, sorely troubled and perplexed in her mind, fastened up the house, and went to bed.

In the dusk of the afternoon of the day following the departure of Mr. Duplessis, Mrs. Benson, having given the housemaid a holiday, sat leisurely enjoying her tea, the sole inmate of Lilac Lodge, when she was startled by a loud single knock at the front-door, and on proceeding to open it, found there two plainly-dressed men—certainly not gentlemen, probably two pettifogging tradesmen who had called about a bill, she said to herself—one of whom inquired whether Mr. Duplessis were at home.

"No, he ain't at home," said the housekeeper tartly, for she was vexed at being disturbed over her first cup; "and what's more, he won't be at home for another week. His brother is dead, and he had to set off by the mail for London last night. There!" and she would have shut the door in the faces of the men, had not a foot been quietly interposed to prevent her.

"Then, if the governor's not here," said one of the strangers, "you will perhaps have no objections to show us over the house."

"Me show you over the house!" began Benson, when one of the men bending forward, whispered a few words in her ear, on which she fell back with a scared face, and allowed them to enter; and having shut the door behind them, she went back to her tea in the kitchen; but her appetite was gone, and she sat listening and trembling, while the two strangers went about their perquisition up stairs and down.

"Rummy start, ain't it?" said one of the men to the other, as they came for the second time into the sitting-room, having discovered no trace of Mr. Duplessis. "I wonder whether somebody has given him the office, and he has hooked it, or whether this story about his brother being dead is true?"

"The woman says he went last night, and we heard nothing about the affair till this morning. How was he to suppose we should find it out today?"

"By jingo! What's this?" exclaimed the other man, whose sharp eyes had caught sight of a partially-burned paper in the grate; and next moment he was unfolding it, and smoothing it out with careful, dexterous fingers.

The paper was strong and coarse, and had been squeezed up so tightly that the flames had merely burned away the loose edges, leaving the contents nearly intact. Throwing on to the letter the concentrated light of his bull's eye, the second man peered over his friend's shoulder, and the two read as follows:

"The dark secret which you thought you had hidden for ever, has come to light. To-morrow morning the police will be on your track. One who has been a blind instrument in the discovery of a fearful crime—one who would not willingly have your blood lie at his door—warns you. Flee while there is yet time. To-morrow it will be too late."

Some other word had been written where the word *his* stood in the letter, and afterwards carefully erased.

"The bird has flown, and the game's up for the present," said one of the men, when the document had been spelled carefully through.

"It was this bit of paper that started him," said the other. "The story about his brother is all gag. But don't it strike you as strange that the note I hold in my hand, and the one received by our superintendent this morning, are both in the same handwriting? There can't be any doubt about it; it's too remarkable a fist to be easily imitated. Rum, ain't it?—Now, you had better stop here a bit while I go up to the station, and hand in this note, and get fresh instructions; and I'll send down another man to relieve you as soon as possible."

The case was as the two men had stated it. By the early post that morning, the Normanford superintendent of police had received an anonymous letter conveying certain information, the accuracy of which he felt himself bound at once to investigate. He put his men upon the track pointed out in the letter. Abel Garrod and his wife were the first persons questioned. They gave evidence as to the meeting of Mr. Duplessis and the woman Marie; to the intimate relations apparently existing between the two; to the stay of the latter under Abel Garrod's roof for three days; and finally, to their departure together. Simultaneously with this inquiry, another was going forward at the *Silver Lion* at Fairwood; and here the police gathered another piece of confirmatory evidence not mentioned in the letter, in the production, by the landlady, of a handkerchief marked with blood, and bearing the name of the missing woman, found under the seat of the gig the day after it had been hired by Mr. Duplessis. The old collector at the toll-bar also underwent a strict examination; and then the two parties of police met by previous appointment at Martell's Leap, the neighborhood of which spot their anonymous informant had directed them to search minutely, especially the beach immediately below, and the crevices and recesses in the face of the cliff.

Leaving his men still occupied with the search, the superintendent himself rode over to Sir Harry Craxford, the nearest magistrate; and on the strength of the evidence which he laid before him, obtained a warrant for the arrest of Henri Duplessis, which was at once placed in the hands of two efficient officers, but with what result, we have already seen. The search for the missing woman, unavailing on the first day, was resumed with renewed energy the following morning, but without further result than the discovery, on a ledge of rock about twenty feet above the beach, of a broken jet bracelet, which was at once identified by Jane Garrod as similar to one worn by Madame. The discovery went a long way towards confirming the general opinion, that the missing woman had been thrown over the cliff; and as it was found to have been high-water at 4 P. M. on the day of her disappearance, there was little doubt that, in such a case, her body had been washed away by the tide.

Of Duplessis himself, no tidings could be learned, neither on the railway nor elsewhere. Country constables and metropolitan detectives alike failed in their efforts to trace him. A minute description of his personal appearance was inserted in the *Police Gazette*, and there read by thousands of keen eyes, all thenceforth eagerly on the watch, in seaport town and country village, to single out a quarry which promised so much sport to its captors; but from the moment when the housekeeper, looking out after him into the moonlight, saw him disappear behind the screen of laurels which shut in the lawn, he seemed as utterly lost to human ken as though the earth had opened at his feet, and swallowed him up for ever. Of Antoine the imperturable, when he returned home, which he did on the day following that of his master's departure, policedom could make nothing. The quiet insolence of his replies, when he was examined before Sir Harry Craxford, threw that worthy but irascible personage into such a violent rage as threatened at one time to bring on a fit of apoplexy; but as it could not be shown that the valet was in any way mixed up with the affair which attached such dark suspicion to Duplessis, the magistrate was obliged to order him to be set at liberty; and the next night, Antoine disappeared as mysteriously as his master had done, and was seen no more at Lilac Lodge.

The mind of Mr. Davis, however, the superintendent, still remained restless and ill at ease. That the two anonymous letters—the one addressed to himself, and the other addressed to Duplessis—had been written by the same person, was a fact scarcely open to dispute, when they came to be compared together. But who was the writer of them? This was a question which the superintendent found himself utterly unable to answer. All his cautious underhand inquiries could elicit no information on the point; and he was fain after a time to give the matter up, and class it among the other unravelled puzzles of his profession.

At Belair, the news of Mr. Duplessis's sudden departure, and of the strange charge afterwards alleged against him, was received at first as something too incredible for belief. The man had been there so often, and was so intimately known, that the inmates of the Hall could hardly help feeling at first as if some shadow of disgrace attached to themselves. Lady Spencelaugh was sorry in her way, for Mr. Duplessis had been one of her few favorites; but it was a sorrow that was very short-lived, and soon gave way to indignation at the thought that "so vile a creature," as she now termed the Canadian, had succeeded for so long a time in imposing on so important a personage as her Ladyship. By Frederica, the news was received with strangely mingled feelings, which she herself would have been powerless to analyze. In the first shock of her surprise and disbelief, she felt more warmly towards the Canadian than she had ever done before. Had she not promised to become his wife? and now that this horrible cloud of disgrace and misery was lowering over him, was not her proper place by his side? Yes; but how could she be by his side?—how comfort him by written or spoken word, now that he was gone no one knew whither? And when day passed after day, and still he came not to disprove the black charges brought against him; and when Frederica read in the local newspaper the fearful list of proofs which the exertions of the police had gathered up, one after another, her conviction of his innocence began to give place to doubt; and with this doubt came a rush of fearful joy, which she found in vain to try to stifle, at the thought, that if Duplessis were never to return, then she, Frederica Spencelaugh, would be once more a free woman. How warmly the thought nestled round her heart! It was like a hidden singing-bird that would not be chased away, or chidden into silence, but still sang sweetly on within some inmost bower.

The news of the charge against his friend Duplessis was sedulously kept from the ears of Sir Philip Spencelaugh. In the then feeble state of his health, such a shock might have proved fatal to the old man. It was intimated to him that the Canadian had been called away on private business of importance, which was likely to detain him for some time; and although he often wondered, in a feeble-minded way, why Duplessis neither came nor wrote, his memory was so far weakened that he often forgot the absence of his friend, and talked of him as though he were engaged to dine at Belair on the morrow. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ We learn, says the Athenæum, that the state of Dr. John Brown's health is much improved, and that he is about to resume his professional duties. This will be gratifying and unexpected news to all his friends.

☞ An innocent young girl of Rochester, N. Y., after being accused and arrested for stealing gold rings, and hauled for two weeks from the jail to the police court, treated as a felon, and condemned to the society of the degraded and corrupt, has at length been saved from a life in the State's prison by the confession of another girl.

☞ Letty Charter, a colored woman, died in St. Louis the other day, at the good old age of 96. It may be mentioned as rather a remarkable incident in the woman's history, that, at the age of about eighty, she gave birth to a son, who still survives, and whom she had never seen, owing to the deprivation of sight.

☞ The corn crop of the United States for the present year is estimated at the enormous amount of $1,089,000,000 bushels. It is stated that in the last twenty-five years the annual increase of the corn crop averaged four per cent., and in the three census last taken it is stated thus:—In 1840, 377,371,875 bushels; 1850, 592,871,104 bushels; and 1860, 830,451,707 bushels.

Artemus Ward in London.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

I've been lingerin by the Tomb of the lamentid Shakspeare.

It is a success.

I do not hes'tate to pronounce it as such.

You may make any use of this opinion that you see fit. If you think its publication will subserwerve the cause of litteratoor, you may publicate it.

I told my wife Betsy when I left home that I should go to the birthplace of the orthur of *Othello* and other Plays. She said that as long as I kept out of Newgate she didn't care where I went. "But," I said, "don't you know he was the greatest Poit that ever lived? Not one of these common poits, like that young idyit who writes verses to our daughter, about the Roses as growses, and the Breezes as blowses—but a Boss Poit—also a philosopher, also a man who knew a great deal about everything."

She was packing my things at the time, and the only answer she made was to ask me if I was going to carry both of my red flannel night caps.

Yes. I've been to Stratford onto the Avon, the birthplace of Shakspeare. Mr. S. is now no more. He's been dead over three hundred (300) years. The peple of his native town are justly proud of him. They cherish his mem'ry, and them as sell picturs of his birthplace, &c., make it prof'table cherishin it. Almost everybody buys a pictur to put into their Albiom.

As I stood gazing on the spot where Shakspeare is s'posed to have fell down on the ice and hurt himself when a boy, (this spot cannot be bought—the town authorities say it shall never be taken from Stratford) I wondered if three hundred years hence pictures of *my* birthplace will be in demand? Will the peple of my native town be proud of me in three hundred years? I guess they won't short of that time, because they say the fat man weighin 1000 pounds which I exhibited there was stuffed out with pillers and cushions, which he said one very hot day in July, "Oh bother, I can't stand this," and commenced pullin the pillers out from under his weskit, and heavin 'em at the audience. I never saw a man lose flesh so fast in my life. The audience said I was a pretty man to come chiselin my own townsmen in that way. I said, "Do not be angry, feller-citizens. I exhibited him simply as a work of art. I simply wished to show you that a man could grow fat without the aid of cod-liver oil." But they wouldn't listen to me. They are a low and grovelin set of peple, who excite a feelin of loathin in every breast where lofty emotions and original ideas have a bidin place.

I stopped at Leamington a few minits on my way to Stratford onto the Avon, and a very beautiful town it is. I went into a shoe shop to make a purchis, and as I entered I saw over the door those dear familiar words, "By Appintment: H.R.H.;" and I said to the man, "Squire, excuse me, but this is too much. I have seen in London four hundred boot and shoe shops by Appintment: H.R.H.; and now *you've* at it. It is simply onpossible that the Prince can wear 400 pairs of boots. Don't tell me," I said, in a voice choked with emotion—"Oh, do not tell me that you also make boots for him. Say slippers—say that you mend a boot now and then for him; but do not tell me that you make 'em reg'lar for him."

The man smilt, and said I didn't understand these things. He said I perhaps had not noticed in London that dealers in all sorts of articles was By Appintment. I said, "Oh, *hadn't* I? Then a sudden thought flasht over me. "I have it!" I said. "When the Prince walks through a street, he no doubt looks at the shop windows."

The man said, "No doubt."

"And the enterprisin tradesman," I continnerd, "the moment the Prince gets out of sight, rushes frantically and has a tin sign painted, By Appintment, H.R.H.! It is a beautiful, a great idee!"

I then bought a pair of shoe strings, and wringin the shopman's honest hand, I started for the Tomb of Shakspeare in a hired fly. It looks, however, more like a spider.

"And this," I said, as I stood in the old church-yard at Stratford, beside a tomb-stone, "this marks the spot where lies William W. Shakspeare. Alars! and this is the spot where—"

"You've got the wrong grave," said a man—a worthy villegar: "Shakspeare is buried inside the church."

"Oh," I said, "a boy told me this was it." The boy larfed and put the shillin I'd given him into his left eye in a inglorious manner, and commenced movin backwards towards the street.

I pursood and captured him, and after talkin to him a spell in a skarcastic stile, I let him went.

The old church was damp and chill. It was rainin. The only persons there when I entered was a fine bluff old gentleman, who was talkin in a excited manner to a fashnibly dressed young man. "No, Ernest Montrosser," the old gentleman said, "it is idle to pursoo this subjek no further. You can never marry my daughter. You were seen last Monday in Piccadilly without a umbreller! I said then, as I say now, any young man as ventures out in a uncertain climit like this without a umbreller, lacks foresight, caution, strength of mind and stability: and he is not a proper person to intrust a daughter's happiness to."

I slapt the old gentleman on the shoulder, and I said, "You're right! You're one of those kind of men, you are—"

He wheeled suddenly round, and in a indignant voice, said, "Go way—go way! This is a privit interveo."

I didn't stop to enrich the old gentleman's mind with my conversation. I sort of inferred that he wasn't inclined to listen to me, and so I went on. But he was right about the umbreller. I'm really delighted with this grand old country, *Mr. Punch*, but you must admit that it does rain rayther numerously here. Whether this is owing to a monarkal form of gov'ment or not, I leave all candid and unprejudiced persons to say.

William Shakspeare was born in Stratford in 1564. All the commentaters, Shakesperian scholars, etcetry, are agreed on this, which is about the only thing they are agreed on in regard to him, except that his mantle hasn't fallen onto any poet or dramatist hard enough to hurt said poet or dramatist *much*. And there is no doubt if these commentaters and persons continner investigatin Shakspeare's career, we shall not, in doo time, know anything about it at all. When a mere lad little William attended the Grammar School, because, as he said, the Grammar School wouldn't attend him. This remarkable remark, comin from one so young and inexperienced, set people to thinkin there might be somethin in this lad. He subsequently wrote *Hamlet* and *George Barnwell*. When his kind teacher went to London to accept a position in the offices of the Metropolitan Railway, little William was chosen by his fellow pupils to deliver a farewell address. "Go on, sir," he said, "in a glorus career. Be like a eagle, and soar, and the soarer you get the more we shall all be gratified! That's so."

My young readers, who wish to know about Shakspeare, better get these vallyable remarks framed.

I returned to the hotel. Meetin a young married couple, they asked me if I could direct them to the hotel which Washington Irving used to keep?

"I've understood that he was unsuccessful as a lanlord," said the lady.

"We've understood," said the young man, "that he busted up."

I told 'em I was a stranger, and hurried away. They were from my country, and undoubtedly represented a thrifty lle well somewhere in Pennsylvany. It's a common thing, by-the-way, for a old farmer in Pennsylvany to wake up some mornin and find ile squirtin all around his back yard. He sells out for 'normous price, and his children put on gorgeous harness and start on a tower to astonish peple. They succeed in doin it. Meantime the lle it squirts and squirts, and Time rolls on. Let it roll.

A very nice old town is Stratford, and a capital inn is the Red Horse. Every admirer of the great S. must go there once certainly; and to say one isn't a admirer of him, is equiv'lent to sayin one has jest about brains enough to become a efficient tinker.

Some kind friend has sent me Chawcer's *Poems*. Mr. C. had talent, but he couldn't spel. No man has a right to be a lit'rary man onless he knows how to spel. It is a pity that Chawcer, who had generus, was so unedicated. He's the wuss speller I know of.

I guess I'm through, and so I lay down the pen, which is more mightier than the sword, but which I'm afraid would stand a rayther slim chance beside the needle gun.

Adoo! adoo! ARTEMUS WARD.

The Kissing Plant.

I must tell you of a scandalous story which is being whispered through Florence. To begin, then, in the once upon a time fashion, you must know that for long years these two gentlemen had been intimate associates, comrades in pleasure and dissipation, and upon the marriage of the count to a charming convent-bred Florentine young lady, the intimacy went on increasing, embracing even the newly-married bride in its affectionate associations. Soon, however, rightly or wrongly, the name of the countess began to be connected with that of the cavalier in the scandalous gossip of Florence in a way by no means gratifying to the husband, and his suspicions were at length excited by whispers, innuendoes, and finally by anonymous letters, to such a degree that he determined to satisfy them, if possible, in one way or another. Report adds that he had already began to tire of his wife, and wouldn't have cared much how. However that may be—and, I, for one, don't believe it—he ensconced himself, about a fortnight since, in a small room contiguous to her boudoir, about the time when the *amico di casa* was in the habit of paying his daily visit, and there awaited the result. The cavalier soon appeared, and with ears greedy of evil, it is said—mind, I don't believe it—the husband listened for something to confirm or dispel the suspicions that his jealous heart had conceived. In vain, a low and gentle murmur condensing occasionally into clearer utterance, words caught at intervals, discourse of music, poetry, plays, balls—a little heedless gossip, withal—were all that met his ear—nothing more, not the tiniest peg on which to hang a doubt. The husband blushed that he had cherished one, and felt ashamed of the wrong his thoughts had done one too innocent, perhaps, to be prudent, when all at once sounds strange and ominous roused his flagging attention, and confirmed the worst of his fears. He listened again. This was no musical murmur, *but a kiss*. Yes, it was a kiss he heard, and a smacking one, too, and then another and another, followed by light-hearted laughter from the guilty pair, apparently shameless as sinful. With a bound the injured husband was through the door and in the room, and there beheld his wife gazing admiringly upon a nosegay of a tropical plant, from which hung clusters of balloon-like flowers, that these two unsophisticated simpletons were amusing themselves by mapping upon their opened palms! I need not say that it will be a life-long lesson to the suspicious husband. But the surprising part of this same story is, that this same plant has all at once become so much the vogue, that a fashionable boudoir is thought unfurnished and unadorned without a specimen of it, and everywhere it is known as the kissing plant.

☞ NEW DISINFECTANT.—The New York Tribune says that carbolic or phenic acid, a new product obtained from the distillation of coal, is the most powerful disinfectant ever discovered, and that with this and sulphurous acid, cholera has been entirely controlled the present season in the city of New York, and with it the rinderpest has been almost subdued in England.

☞ Dr. De Briou, of Paris, has succeeded in producing an enamel paint, made from india rubber, which, though of film-like consistency when applied to iron, renders it absolutely proof against atmospheric action. The invention is thought highly of by the Academy of Sciences.

☞ If the United States was as densely populated as France, our population would number 528,000,000, or if populated as densely as England and Wales, 924,000,000; and if according to Belgium's density of population (397 to the square mile) the United States would contain 1,195,000,000, which is 110,086,000 more than the entire population of the world in 1866.

☞ A man at St. Athanase (Canada) applied coal oil to a cut on his wrist, whereupon his arm began to swell, and the swelling extended to his whole body, causing his death in two days.

☞ One day last week, in Cincinnati, a newly married couple were seized with cholera, the husband dying at four and the wife at eight o'clock of the same day.

☞ A terrible conflagration in Quebec, on Sunday, destroyed 2,000 houses, rendering 18,000 persons homeless. One man was killed and several injured. The loss is estimated at over $2,500,000.

☞ Gerald Massey is passionately immersed in spiritualism, and is, indeed, himself a medium.

Agassiz on the Amazon.

Professor Agassiz, it has been known for some time, thinks that the valley of the Amazon will one day support so many millions of people that the valley of the Mississippi will be nothing to it, although the latter lies in the temperate and the former in the torrid zone. On the evening of the 9th inst. he gave some of his reasons for this view in a public lecture. The facts he presented were most striking. He set out on this journey with every advantage that wealth, science, and good-will could afford. His expenses, and those of six assistants, were paid by Mr. Thayer, of Boston. Other assistants volunteered, and thus sixteen persons formed this most remarkable of scientific expeditions. Of two steamship companies, one gave his expedition a free passage to Rio, and the other placed a steamer at his disposal for a whole month. The United States Government sent a circular to all our naval officers on the station to render the expedition all the service in their power; and the Emperor of Brazil treated them with an imperial hospitality that arranged for the accomplishment of all their desires. A ship of war was placed at the service of the Professor for several months on the Amazon. He consumed 2,500 gallons of alcohol in preserving the specimens brought away, and was even able to bring home a fossil palm tree, to enable botanists to throw light upon the former vegetation and climate of those American tropics. Humboldt, when he attempted to enter Brazil from the waters of the Orinoco, was stopped on the frontier and forbidden to enter, as a man whose principles were pernicious to society and inimical to religion. Strange contrast!

The banks of the Amazon form a peculiar specimen of the tropical nature, quite unlike similar regions in Africa or Asia. There are no hills for 2,000 miles clear away across the continent to the foot of the Andes, and the river is 4,000 miles long, running from west to east, the valley being 1,600 miles wide and of the most amazing fertility, full of vegetable matter and irrigated by rivers where ships of war can sail for hundreds of miles. The climate averages but 82 deg., though right under the line—72 deg. being the lowest, and 95 deg. the highest ever known. The river runs just opposite to the trade winds, and thus makes this one of the most mild and healthful of all tropical regions. Yet it has a bad name, owing to the bad arrangements of the Brazilian government which sends out to these regions young officers, who misrepresent the climate to get away. All his company went and returned with comfort, and are now enjoying better health than usual. The woods are full of timber of the most valuable varieties. One hundred and seventy-eight different kinds of timber were counted in a small region. The river is not open at present, but soon will be. There is not a saw-mill on this noblest of rivers. In August and September the snows of the Andes melt, but the lower section does not feel the rise till the following March, and the river is highest from June to October. The rise is from thirty to sixty feet; sometimes the whole basin is under water, and the forests may be navigated.

The river has no delta like the Nile, the Ganges, or the Mississippi—not for want of mud, for it is a sort of half-coffee, half-cream color, and tinges the ocean far out to sea. Instead of forming land, the sea is constantly encroaching on the shore. The river once extended three hundred miles beyond its present mouth, and a belt of that breadth has been swept away. Whether this is owing to the sinking of the coast, or the force of the current undermining, as at Niagara Falls, is not certain; but rivers now empty into the Atlantic that used clearly to be tributary to the Amazon.

As to the prospect of this river soon being open to a profitable American commerce, it must be borne in mind that whatever may be the mildness of the climate for the tropics, yet fevers would appear certain to prevail. Fish is abundant in the river, but so are alligators; and serpents, jaguars, bears, panthers, and other wild animals are equally abundant. The tides at the full of the moon are more wonderful than in the Bay of Fundy. They do not rise so high, but much more suddenly, sweeping along like a mighty wave or tongue of water, ten or twelve feet high, uprooting trees and sweeping vessels most destructively. Still, where money is to be made difficulties will be overcome, and the interests both of the United States and the Brazilian Government are too closely connected with the opening up of this vast region to leave any doubt but that under the present enlightened Emperor of those vast, rich and important regions, the valley of the Amazon will be opened to prolific commerce and settlement.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There is very little demand for shipment. Sales comprise about 7000 bbls. in lots; superfine at from $7,75@8, extras at from $9@12, the latter rate for fresh ground from new Wheat; North-West extra family at $10 50@13 75 for common to fancy; Pennsylvania and Ohio family at $13@14 50, and fancy brands at from $15@16,50 ₩ bbl, according to quality. Rye Flour—300 bbls sold at $6,75@7 ₩ bbl.

GRIAN—Prime Wheat continues scarce; 3000 bus Pennsylvania sold at $2,85@3,05 for fair to prime red; 5000 bus Southern do at $3,10@3,15; 1000 bus Michigan amber at $3,15. Rye—2000 bus Western and Pennsylvania sold at $1,25@1,30 ₩ bus. Corn—About 18,000 bus Western mixed sold at $1,06@1,10, and 10,000 bus prime yellow at $1,07@1,12 ₩ bus. Oats—21,000 bus sold at 57@60c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. Small sales of new Mess Pork are making at $34,50@34,75 ₩ bbl; prime mess at $31,50@32, and prime at $31 ₩ bbl. Mess Beef—Sales of city packed at $23@23, and western at $18@20 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 21@22c; sides at 20@21c, and shoulders at 17½@17½c. Green Meats—Sales of hams, in pickle, at 19½@20c, and shoulders, in salt, at 15½@15½c. Lard—Sales of 200 bbls and tierces at 18@18½c, and kegs at 19½@20c. Butter—Small sales at 30@33c ₩ lb. Cheese firm, at 17@19c. Eggs sell at 31@33c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—About 300 bales of Middlings sold in lots at 41@43c for Uplands, and 43@45c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—40 hhds of 1st No. 1 Quercitron sold at $35 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of Yellow at 39@40c ₩ lb.

COAL continues dull. Small sales are making at $5,25@5,50 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 ₩ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good western are making at 38c and choice at 37@38c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at $2@6 ₩ bbl. Dried Apples—20,000 lbs sold at 7½@11c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 16@17c, and halves at 20@21c ₩ lb.

HAY—Baled is selling at $30@31 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Small sales of common to choice quality have been reported at 30@35c, as to quality.

SEEDS—Sales of Cloverseed are making at $7@8 ₩ bus for old and new; 1000 bus of Timothy sold at $3,10@3 62½. Flaxseed sells at $2,20@2 25 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum sells at $1 07@1,15 ₩ gallon. Whiskey; 200 bbls sold at $2,41 for Penna and $2,42@2,44 ₩ gallon for Ohio.

TALLOW—Small sales are making at 12½@12½c ₩ lb for city rendered, and 11½@12c for country.

WOOL—The market continues dull. About 110,000 lbs sold at prices ranging from 60@65c for extra; 58@63c for fine; 55@59c for medium; 50@53c for coarse; 53@56c for pulled washed, and 40@45c ₩ lb for Western pulled, according to quality.

Change in the Fashions in France.

It is bewildering, and almost ridiculous, says the London Queen, "to note the change which fashion has of late wrought in the appearance of French ladies. During the last six weeks there has been a collapse; all the women who strictly follow the fashions appear to have suddenly shrunk, and, to outward appearance, have grown both thinner and shorter. This is all owing to the decrease in the width of both crinoline and petticoats, and the decrease in length of all outdoor dresses; for it is an undisputed fact that a trained skirt adds considerably to the apparent height of the figure. Still, with all their graceful folds and sweeping lines, no sensible woman will regret the disappearance of the absurdly long trains and sweeping dresses which have been worn during the past two years in the streets, for they proved so exceedingly inconvenient and uncleanly. The new fashion is infinitely more reasonable, for it leaves the trains for drawing-rooms, and insists on short petticoats in the streets and promenades."

☞ THE LONDON TIMES AND AMERICA.—Suddenly changing the tone it has maintained for years, the London Times has astonished its readers by boldly advocating the payment by England of the Alabama claims. It also continues its friendliness towards America by advocating Maximilian's abdication and opposing further French intervention in Mexico.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ♥ lb. 300 Cows brought from $50 to $75 ♥ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 6@6¼ cts ♥ lb. 9000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 @14,25 ♥ 100 lbs.

PARENTS,

And especially mothers, who have the more immediate care of children, permit me to say with candid earnestness, never lay down to rest at night with the health and happiness of your children at heart without having the PERRY DAVIS PAIN KILLER at hand. Trust to no other pain preparations or panaceas. They may and often do, fail in critical cases—but the Perry Davis, never—no, never. If you heed not this timely warning the fault is your own, as Perry Davis' Pain Killer is in nearly every store throughout the length and breadth of our land, and all over the civilized world. oct27-2t

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. ja16-6m

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are the twin remedies on which depends more than one-half the civilized world for health. Diseases which have baffled all medical skill disappear before their wonderful healing and cleansing virtues. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

℞ WHEN you are depressed by the gaunt, sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS and see how quick you can be restored for a shilling. oct27-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. C. D. Cooper, Dr. W. W. GLENTWORTH to Miss ANNIE E. REYNOLDS, both of this city.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Thomas Murphy, Mr. JAMES HEARD to Miss MARY A. SCOTT, both of Frankford, Pa.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fenley, Mr. WILLIAM JACKSON to Miss EMELINE ROBERTS, both of Huntington Valley, Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. P. Coombe, Mr. HARRY S. WRIGHT, of this city, to Miss AMANDA T. KELLY, of Baltimore, Md.

On the 2d of Jan., 1866, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, JOSEPH McGAW to Miss ELIZABETH FORCE, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, ALEXANDER O. GAVE to Miss MARIE E. SNYDER, daughter of the late Elias B. Snyder, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, at his residence, near Shelltown, Ocean county, N. J., ABRAHAM TILTON, Sr., in his 70th year.

On the 15th instant, Mr. JAMES PILSON, in his 58th year.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM ELLIS, in his 30th year.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM BURNS, in his 45th year.

On the 14th instant, Mr. FREDERICK BARTLE, aged 68 years.

On the 14th instant, REBECCA BENNETT, in her 54th year.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM PATTON, in his 45th year.

On the 13th instant, JOHNSTON CRAWFORD, in his 26th year.

On the 12th instant, JOHN F. HOWELL, in his 30th year.

PARLOR ORGANS.

Our new Illustrated Catalogue is now ready, giving a full description of all the late important improvements and additions to our Church Organs, Harmoniums, Parlor Organs, and Melodeons — These improvements render our instruments the most desirable made, and they are pronounced unequalled by leading organists.

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PRACTICAL UTILITY AND
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Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.
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LOCK STITCH
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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—
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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 75
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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 100
No. 1 Machine, with
Polished Table, $74
Half Case, Oiled Walnut, 85
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood, 90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, 105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers, 110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood, 110
Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.
☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $45) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.
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(NOT A WHISKEY PREPARATION.)
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE
Debility! Debility!
Resulting from any cause whatever.
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PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM
INDUCED BY
Severe Hardships, Exposure, Fevers.
OR
DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.
SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE,
ADULT OR YOUTH,
Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.
O
DYSPEPSIA,
And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,
ARE CURED BY
HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.
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We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and
WILL PAY $1,000
to any one who will produce a certificate published by us that is not genuine.
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF
Chronic or Nervous Debility
AND
DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.
F
Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.
L
REMEMBER,
That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.
READ WHO SAYS SO.
[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]
Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.
A
[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]
I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.
[From Rev. D. Merrick, Pastor of the Pennypack Baptist Church, Philada.]
From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRICK.
[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.
Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
806 Hutchinson Street, Philada.
N
Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.
A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 26 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.
Rev. Thos. Winter, D. D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church;
Rev. Levi O. Beck, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.;
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.
D
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☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the interesting preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.
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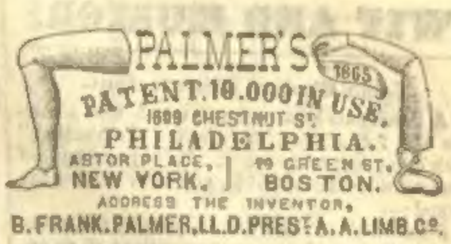

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ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS
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There is a certain portion of the war that will never go into the regular histories, nor be embodied in romance or poetry, which is a very real part of it, and will, if preserved, convey to succeeding generations a better idea of the spirit of the conflict than many dry reports or careful narratives of events, and this part may be called the gossip, the fun, the pathos of the war. This illustrates the character of the leaders, the humor of the soldiers, the devotion of women, the bravery of men, the pluck of our heroes the romance and hardships of the service.
The volume is profusely illustrated with over 300 engravings by the first artists which are *really beautiful*; worthy of examination as specimens of the art. Many of them are set into the body of the text, after the popular style of Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution. The book's contents include reminiscences of camp, picket, spy, scout, bivouac, siege and battle field adventures; thrilling feats of bravery, wit, drollery, comical and ludicrous adventures, etc., etc.
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This work sells itself. The people are tired of dry details and partisan works, and want something humorous, romantic, and startling. Our agents are making from $100 to $200 per month, clear of all expenses. Send for circulars, giving full particulars, and see our terms and proof of the above assertion. Address
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The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which may be reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway, as well as by those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway.

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DAY EXPRESS	at	9.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2,		10 00 A.M. & 11 20	P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at	12 00	M
PARKESBURG TRAIN	"	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4.00	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	"	9 00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.00	"

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by DAY EXPRESS go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by DAY EXPRESS go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at	12 40	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2,		8.20 A.M. & 7.10	P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at	9 20	A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12 40	P.M.
FAST LINE	"	1.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	"	5.50	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	9.50	"

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.
Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

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JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
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WANTED—A first-class Sheet Iron Roller, one acquainted with Hot and Cold rolling. To a good workman of steady habits permanent employment will be given. Apply immediately to
PERKINS SHEET IRON CO.,
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☞ Freckles, Tan and Pimples,

REMOVED at once, by the use of "UPHAM'S Freckle, Tan and Pimple Banisher." Price, 50 Cents. Mailed to any address for 75 Cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia. Sold by all Druggists. aug11-3m

WHISKERS.
DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address, REEVES & CO.,
sept-3m No. 78 Nassau St., New York.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Some Cholera Disinfectant.

A Cincinnati local was presented with a sample of a "deodorizer and cholera disinfectant," with a request to notice it. He says he noticed it as soon as he smelt it, and thus relates the sequel:—

Didn't wish to terrify the family by the ostentatious display of cholera precautions of an extraordinary nature, so we took our patent deodorizer home secretly, concealed under our coat. Terrible commotion in the street car. The windows were thrown up hastily, handkerchiefs applied furiously to noses, and a general application of camphor gum, of which each one had a supply in his pocket. Profane fellows swore at the Board of Health for not cleaning the streets. One was sure it was in the gutters; another thought it was in the air; a toper, half drunk, said he was satisfied "it was in the (bio) water."

"I'll tell you what it's in," said a gloomy man, eyeing us suspiciously.

"What?" the passengers shrieked with one voice.

"*It's in the car!*"

With a wild yell they jumped up at once and tumbled out, leaving us all alone, and monarch of all we deodorized.

Got into the house unperceived and deposited the disinfectant in the cellar, and then hurried back to the office. There was a good deal of it about our clothes, so much so that one or two men who owed us borrowed money avoided us altogether. Felt emotions in the region of the stomach that were disagreeably suggestive. Got a little alarmed, and concluded to deodorize the disinfectant, which we did with a glass of brandy. Felt a little better ourself, but began to feel alarmed about the effect of that disinfecting compound upon the family. Hurried home—found the house shut up and nobody in. Terrible smell about the house—neighbors all terrified. Asked one of them where my family was, and he said they had gone down to the bone-boiling district to get out of the smell!

Opened the door, but had to close it again, the smell was so bad. Went round the back yard and saw the rats leaving in great precipitation. A neighbor suggested that the candle be lowered down the chimney to test the foulness of the air before the house was opened. Saloons in the neighborhood doing an immense business in the sale of brandy and whiskey. Flannel belts in demand. A countrywoman with a load of watermelons mobbed and driven back. Arrival of a police officer, who arrested us for keeping a nuisance on our premises. Explanations made, and we are paroled until the house can be opened. Burnt some pitch on the front door-step, and were then enabled to get in to throw up the windows. Whew! neighbors said they preferred cholera.

The disinfectant is nearly abolished now, and family back again enjoying their usual health. They say they don't wish to be disinfected any more.

Mahogany Offer of Marriage.

A traveller in Switzerland writes the following:—

In one apartment of a carriage were only two people, a man and a woman. At one of the stations a hand was waved from the window, and the blushing face of the latter was seen with the signs of great distress. The conductor answers her signal and runs to the side of the car.

"Oh, the miserable fellow, to insult an unprotected woman! Would you believe that Monsieur had the impudence to say to me—"

Here a burst of tears and sobs checked her voice.

"Well, madam, what did he say? Be quiet, if you please, for the train is ready to start."

"He said—he—he said that he would give me a mahogany bureau if I would agree to—to marry him. Oh, the villain, the r-r-rascal! *Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu!*"

"You can make a complaint against him if you wish," said the guard, taking out his tablets and preparing to take down an elaborate description of persons and places, when he was not a little discomfited to hear the fair traveller remark, in an undertone, as if speaking to herself,—

"Oh, the brute! mahogany! If it had only been rosewood, now." Thereupon the conductor shut up his papers and left the plaintiff to finish her case as she best might.

Epitaphs.

The following inscription is traceable in crude letters on a grave stone at Scooks, a village in the sunny South:—

"The rotton
not furgotton."

But that hardly comes up to the one we remember reading in a village church-yard in Georgia:—

"Opin yer ise
for here lies
all that ken rot,
xite where she sot,
When she was happy—
Our Lizza Jane
kalled home agane
To jine her papy
Live so that you
and I may tu
Jine them and forever pray
Again the chills and cholera."

Col. P——'s Position.—In September, 1860, the electors for Tennessee were addressing a mass meeting at Nashville, in favor of the Presidential candidates. Gov. Neill S. Brown delivered one of his flowery speeches. Col. P—— was next called. He stepped upon the platform, raised his hands to an angle of forty-five degrees, and said: "Now, gentlemen, I will will show you my position on this great national question." And taking a step back, seemingly to get room to spread himself, he went over flat on the ground. Shouting is no name for the applause.

Ecnoma.—What must be done to conduct a newspaper right? Write.

What is necessary to a farmer to assist him? System.

What would give a blind man the greatest delight? Light.

What is the best piece of counsel given by a justice of the peace? Peace.

Who commit the greatest abominations? Nations.

What is the great terrifier? Fire.

ON THE BOULOGNE PIER.
(Two Asides.)

Young England.—"Rummy style of hat!" *Young France.*—"Drôle de chapeau!"

A Lion in his Old Age.

When a young lion reaches the age of two years, he is able to strangle or pull down a horse or an ox; and so he continues to grow and increase in strength till he reaches his eighth year, and his talons, teeth and mane are perfect, and he grows no more. His powers are long-enduring. For twenty years after he arrives at maturity his fangs and talons show no signs of decay; but after that he gradually becomes feeble, his teeth fall him, and he grows "cubbish." He is no longer a match for the tremendous buffalo; he is over-matched even by the peaceful ox, so he prowls around the cattle-krawls, and snatches a lamb or a kid just as he did when he set out with his parents, nearly thirty years before. A woman or a child at night shares the same fate. His strength and sight now decline more and more, till the mighty lion grows lean and mangy, and crawls about from place to place, eating any offal he can pick up, and despising not even so small an animal as the field-mouse; so he starves and dies, or is fallen on and slaughtered by a few cowardly hyenas; or, discovered unable to move, beneath a tree, knocked on the head by some wandering hunter.

The Tailor Bird.

Choosing a convenient leaf, generally one which hangs from the end of a slender twig, it pierces a row of holes along each edge, using its beak in the same manner that a shoemaker uses his awl, the two instruments being very similar to each other in shape, though not in material. When the holes are completed, the bird next procures its thread, which is a long fibre of some plant, generally much larger than is needful for the task it performs. Having found its thread, the feathered tailor begins to pass it through the holes, drawing the sides of the leaf toward each other, so as to form a hollow cone, the point downward. Within the hollow thus formed the bird next deposits a quantity of soft, white down, like short cotton wool, and thus constructs a warm, light and elegant nest, which is scarcely visible among the leafage of the tree, and which is safe from almost every foe except man.

☞ Aristocratic Shaving.—A negro came to Green Bay, Wisconsin, to keep a barber shop. Soon after he opened, a Western speculator presented himself to be shaved. His charge was asked; the barber said 25 cents. The customer named several cities he had been shaved at, and all for less money. The negro straightened himself up, and said: "Do you suppose I am going to leave good society in the East and come here among you backwoodsmen to shave men for ten cents?"

☞ A man who has been living in the Indian country for about twenty years, and has just returned home, says the most notable feature in the march of civilization during that period has been the advance of the bustles then worn by the ladies to the back of their heads—and he adds that he don't think the progress otherwise has been very great.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Salt for Stock.

In the somewhat earnest discussion carried on for several months past between the saltists and anti-saltists, some of the disputants, editorial and agricultural at large, taking the no necessity for salt side of the question, put in propositions that seem to us unreasonable and untenable—these few for instance:

"Our animals running wild get no salt, and we find them healthy, vigorous, and long lived without it." "The Arabian horse consumes no salt. Those fine animals imported by Mr. Seward and others never touch the material, and where are there samples of equine animals anywhere equal to the native Arabian?" "The vast herds of horned stock and horses inhabiting the *llanos*, plains and pampas of South America, never see or taste salt; nevertheless they live, thrive, and fatten famously."

To those who make such assertions as the above, we may conscientiously quote Scripture without being blasphemous—"Father forgive them; they know not what they do." In all things pertaining to agricultural economy it is better to speak and write "by the card," having "proof positive, or presumption great," as my Lord Kenyon says.

As the salt question is an important one agriculturally considered, let us take into account a few facts in rebutting testimony against the rather reckless assertions of anti-saltists as above quoted.

All graminiverous, and especially ruminating quadrupeds require salt, as is evident from their greedily licking it up when artificially supplied, and the wild species making pilgrimages to licks and saline springs in search of salt. In this country, the favorite haunts of deer and buffalo are and always have been the neighborhood of salt licks and springs, though not always the very near neighborhood, as there are other natural necessities that may call the animals many miles away from saline localities; as with the bison of our far western plains, who find pasturage in the vast meadows of the Platte, but nevertheless make periodical pilgrimages in whole herds to the licks and saline springs of the Wind River Range, and salt beds about the head waters of the Big Horn. The deer of all our south and western regions go frequently to the licks; while the *Caribou* of Maine, New Brunswick and Canada-East, quite as fond of salt as any of our domestic stock, often travel long distances to obtain a saline swig from some salt water estuary or bay. The Yack of eastern Asia, the musk ox of the American Continent north of the parallel of sixty, the reindeer of both continents, the zebu or sacred Brahmin bull of India, the gazelle, quaggy, and gemsbok of South Africa, and the llama of the South American Andean regions, all have the same proclivity for salt, and frequently make long journeys in quest of it. Animal instinct is usually a surer guide as showing their requirements than human opinions, however scientific and practical they may be. Instinct teaches these animals that they require salt, and commands them to go and get it. Our domestic animals needing a salt supply, but being restricted from travel, require the material furnished at our hands.

If it be a fact that Mr. Seward's, or any other Arabian horses among us do not happen to care for salt, that proves nothing, only that the Arabs are somewhat singular in their tastes. We happen to know about seven other persons besides ourself, who do not like tomatoes; but there are probably eight thousand others against us eight, who do like, and eat them at every opportunity.

In the region from whence these Arab barbs come, neither the horse or camel require to be fed salt any more than do the animals of the British Channel islands, those of the Western Islands, and herds everywhere that graze near the sea coast, where not only the atmosphere, but all herbage, and even the earth itself is saturated with salt in solution. The exhalations from both the Mediterranean and Red Seas, which are immense, are borne inland ladened with salt, over all that Arabic region where the best horses are produced, flavoring the air, every growing plant, and in many instances the water, so that neither man or beast require salted food or salt as a condiment.

As to the cattle of the South American *llanos* and pampas living without salt, that is an error. We have been there—a good deal, and know about that. Everywhere the earth itself is pretty well seasoned with salt, and the herbage on which the wild stock feed is as a rule, palatably salt.

There is never any epidemic diseases among these pampa herds; very rarely an animal dies with other complaint than *lasso*, knife, or old age; and to the salt, more than to any other cause is attributable the facility with which the flesh of sheep and bullocks are so easily *jerked* and made into *charqui* in all these countries without taint or smell, and without salting the flesh into brick bats as is the practice in this country. The cattle have all salted themselves ready for drying before dying.

It is probable that if all our stock was more regularly and systematically salted, we should have fewer cases of fakey, heaves, foot-rot, murrain, pleuris pneumonia, and several other diseases among our sheep, horses, hogs, and horned stock, and infinitely better stock. At any rate, until there shall be better arguments than any yet adduced against the use of salt for stock, let us feed it frequently and fearlessly.

Liquid Honey.

The following process for making a delicate, beautiful and better liquid honey than ever insect honey-maker stored away, is no whit less valuable for coming from authority as reliable as that of our honey and bee king—Mr. Longstroth, though we used to do the same thing in just about the same manner, twenty-five years ago, when the rule was to lug home on deck fifteen or twenty hogsheads of honey every time we brought a cargo of sugar home from Cuba.

We used to save all the waste honey that overran out of the open bungs in hot weather, and make most exquisite honey of it in this way:—In pure rain water was dissolved so much of the cleanest sugar in the ship—the whiter the better—as the water would hold in solution. The syrup was simmered moderately for two hours, skimming off all impurities that rose to the surface. Then to three quarts of the syrup (or in that proportion always,) was added one of honey, and during another hour the skimming and simmering was continued, after which the kettle was set by until the material was very nearly cold, when it was turned carefully off, leaving all sediment in the bottom of the kettle. One quart of the crude honey will impart the genuine honey flavor to three quarts of syrup, and there will be about it not a symptom of that rank, cloying tartness which almost all honey-lovers object to. No real bee honey that we have ever tasted is a quarter so delicious as the material made in this manner.

A Very Valuable Discovery.

"What do you know about this new disinfectant, deodorizer and fresh meat preserver that we are just beginning to read about?" asks C. F. D. in a late letter.

We know something reliable, from the *London Chemical News*, and more from several late experiments of our own. One day last week we treated two pounds of sirloin steak and about three of lamb chops—the former grown green, and the latter slippery and actually stinking, to a ten seconds *carbolic acid* bath. Hung up both samples five days. Then soaked ten minutes in tepid water—washed off the carbolic varnish, salted, seasoned and broiled, and found both steak and chops looking fresh, smelling sweet, and tasting as correct as if just slaughtered.

Carbolic acid is a colorless, odorless, nearly tasteless fluid, distilled from coal, and when incorporated with sulphurous acid in the proportions of about two parts of the latter to one of the former, forms the best disinfectant and deodorizer known.

Our opinion is that all sorts of meats, poultry, and fish may be preserved through carbolic agency, perfectly sweet and good for about fifteen days—perhaps longer, much more conveniently, and at a cost infinitely less than the ice practice. We are going to experiment further, and as we learn more will report.

Gathered Grains.

Mr. Nicholas Thomas, out in Wisconsin, has lately turned up some huge fossils on his farm. One tooth, eight inches long above the jaw bone, seven in diameter—weight seven pounds. Ribs and other bones of corresponding dimensions were dug up at the same time and place. Pretty big bull buried out there. We are gathering positive proof that *ours* is the old side of the world.

—— We knew three months ago how it was going to be about grapes, and said so. Pretty good grapes here—price $1.25 per pound. Not many of us can taste of good grapes more than twice this year.

—— Best butter sells in Chicago at 30 cents. Best, here, 75; and very little prime butter to be got at that. Will it cost forty-five cents a pound to railroad butter from out west to Philadelphia?

—— If chickens are worth pound for pound twice as much as fresh eggs, then one-third of the latter sold just now in our markets are worth forty cents a dozen. But we don't see quite clearly yet what the other third ridiculously rotten are worth. Got a cheap lot of chickens that way day before yesterday—eight small fowls, three addled and one good egg out of a dozen.

—— One Tennessee farmer has 240 big hogs and 128 head of horned cattle fattening this fall, and corn enough to fatten them all. Guess the late war didn't run through his farm.

RECEIPTS.

Communicated Receipts.

To Cook Hominy.—Take a quart of hominy, wash it, and put it in water enough to cover it, (say about nine o'clock in the morning put it on to cook,) when the water has nearly all boiled away put a quart of milk, little salt, and a piece of butter into it, and let it boil, then take it off and serve.

Hominy Cakes.—Get some grated hominy and boil it in milk, beat up 3 eggs, with a pint of milk, a little salt, beat this all together into a batter, then have some boiling fat and make the cakes and put them in the fat and fry; eat them with fried ham; it is an excellent dish for breakfast.

Cranberry Cakes.—Take a cup of flour, mix with cold water, and a little lard, work together and roll out and cut about an inch in thickness. Take a quart of the berries and put them in a quart of water, and let them stew until done, then sweeten them well, then bake your cake; and when done split in two and spread on the cranberries enough to cover it well, sprinkle on more sugar, and put a piece of butter in small lumps on it, then put the other half of the cake on the top and prepare the same way, then set it back in the oven for five minutes.

Plain Rolls.—Take 1 quart of milk, 2 quarts of flour, 4 tablespoonfuls of butter, 6 tablespoonfuls of yeast, and one teaspoonful of saleratus; beat well and let it rise for five or six hours, or all night if for breakfast, then pour in a shallow pan and bake for half an hour.

Barberries.—Barberries kept in salt and water lose their bright color, so I place them dry in a wide-mouthed bottle, and pour over them cold distilled vinegar that has been previously boiled with a little spice, and keep them well corked. They are delicious when eaten with fish, as well as look very pretty round the dish. If required for decorating sweet dishes, they should be preserved in a clear syrup, in bunches, the same as any other kind of fruit. They also make a nice jelly.

Cream Cheese.—Put about a teacup full of thick cream on a folded napkin, placed on a tea saucer. As soon as it is firm enough turn it over upon another napkin. It generally requires to be turned three times, once every six hours, and will then be fit to eat. Serve with parsley and rub a little salt outside.

Molasses Gingerbread.—Two cups of molasses, one cup of boiling water, a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg, two teaspoonfuls of saleratus, one teaspoonful of ginger; make it stiff enough to roll in thin sheets.

Flower-Pots for Rooms.—Fill a pot with coarse moss of any kind, in the same manner as it would be filled with earth, and place a cutting or a seed in the moss: it will succeed admirably, especially with plants destined to ornament the drawing-room. In such a situation, plants grown in moss will thrive better than in garden mould, and possess the very great advantage of not causing dirt by the earth washing out of them when watered. The explanation of the practice seems to be this: that moss rammed into a pot, and subjected to continual watering, is soon brought into a state of decomposition, when it becomes a very pure vegetable mould; and it is well known that very pure vegetable mould is the most proper of all materials for the growth of almost all kinds of plants. The moss would also not retain more moisture than precisely the quantity best adapted to the absorbent powers of the root, a condition which can scarcely be obtained, with any certainty, by the use of earth.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

I am composed of 63 letters.
My 20, 2, 7, 6, is a secondary planet.
My 48, 13, 12, 29, 56, 34, 49, 39, 56, 19, 40, is a place to be reached.
My 59, 27, 51, 18, is a castle.
My 48, 53, 58, is a division of time.
My 26, 47, 14, 38, 37, is not true.
My 25, 52, 42, 37, 61, is essential to life.
My 1, 37, 45, 55, is an animal.
My 2, 6, 4, 25, 13, 22, is to reply.
My 45, 23, 9, 15, 32, 14, is cunning.
My 63, 52, 23, 40, 13, 12, 4, 51, 53, 33, 37, 55, is a workman.
My 5, 19, is a preposition.
My 8, 13, 45, is a drink.
My 10, 32, 22, 23, 11, is great haste.
My 16, 3, 33, is a valuable tree.
My 25, 24, 21, 17, is threads that cross the warp.
My 56, 30, 13, 26, 13, 59, 41, 28, 37, is a conjunction.
My 43, 44, 31, is a relative pronoun.
My 46, 35, is a preposition.
My 54, 60, 50, is a male child.
My 6, 2, 13, 57, 60, 22, is a part in music.
My 58, is the 7th letter of the alphabet.
My whole is a proverb.

Westport, N. Y. CALISTA E. PIERCE.

Geographical Charade.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

My first a lasting fixture seems to be
Of beauteous Venice, City of the sea.
My second, reared in idleness and crime,
Has fled the law, to India's burning clime.
My third in frozen Russia makes its home,
And bows a subject at the Emperor's throne.
My restless fourth, in every nation's dwelt,
In every station is its influence felt.
My fifth has journeyed Southern Europe through,
And now we find it settled in Peru.
Like the poor Esquimaux, my sixth loves Greece,
Has entered Athens, and there dwells in peace.
Dwells in the meek and sinless breast.
My all, a lovely, gentle guest,

West Chester, Pa. R. H. WALTER.

Problem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Two men, A and B, went into a baker's shop, A bought 3, and B 2 loaves of bread; as they were going out of the shop they were met by C; C says to A and B, let me share the bread with you, and I will give you 5 dollars. They all eat the same amount of bread. Required—how much of the money was A's and how much B's.

T. T. WATSON.

Warrenville, Ill.

☞ An answer is requested.

Old Currency Question.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

If £57, 8 shillings 9 pence, old Pennsylvania currency (90d. to the dollar) in 1 5-12 of a year will gain £5 1-12, New York currency (96d. to the dollar) interest; what will be the interest in Federal money on £175 1-10 New England currency (72d. to the dollar) for 27 months, provided the rate per cent. of this latter is 1-6 per cent. interest per annum higher than that of the former? And at what rate per cent. per annum are both principals on interest?

PERCIVAL JEWET.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When is a greyhound not a greyhound? Ans.—When it turns a hare.

☞ What is a tempting subject for animal painters? Ans.—A dog trying to imitate the bark of a tree.

☞ What to do with cold mutton? Ans.—Heat it.

☞ When a girl is kissed by her lover what newspapers would she mention? Ans.—No "Guardian," no "Spectator," no "Observer," but as many "Times" as you please.

☞ Why are your lips always at variance? Ans.—Because words are frequently passing between them.

☞ Why are fowls the most economical things farmers keep? Ans.—Because for every grain they give a peck.

☞ Why is a silk dress the most appropriate for walking in? Ans.—Because it is not satin (*sat-in.*)

☞ If two men fight and one bite off the other's ear, what would the magistrates require him to do? Ans.—Keep the piece (*peace.*)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post. TRANSPOSITION—Starch. RIDDLE—Arthur.

A Home Thrust.—A correspondent of the Nashua Gazette, writing from a town out West, gives the following specimen of the smartness of its children:—

"We do have *some* smart children here, and here is one of them. A religious society, worshipping not many miles from the residence of the scribe hereof, decided to build a new church this season, and the pastor, among others, was chosen to solicit funds. He did his work very zealously, taking not only the widow's but the child's mites. Well, he has a class of children in the Sabbath-school, and one Sunday, not long since, while instructing them, he compared himself to the Good Shepherd, and then inquired what the latter did with His flock. One bright-eyed little fellow promptly replied, 'He *shears* them!' There was some smiling at that answer."

☞ "I should have been so disappointed if it had rained to-day," said the pretty Miss ——, looking up at the sky from which heavy clouds were fast disappearing. "I want to go to church so *much*, for there's all my new suit that came home last night, and none of the Browns have got theirs!"

☞ Fall apples are plenty and good in most parts of New England, and it is said that the supply will be sufficient to satisfy the home demand.